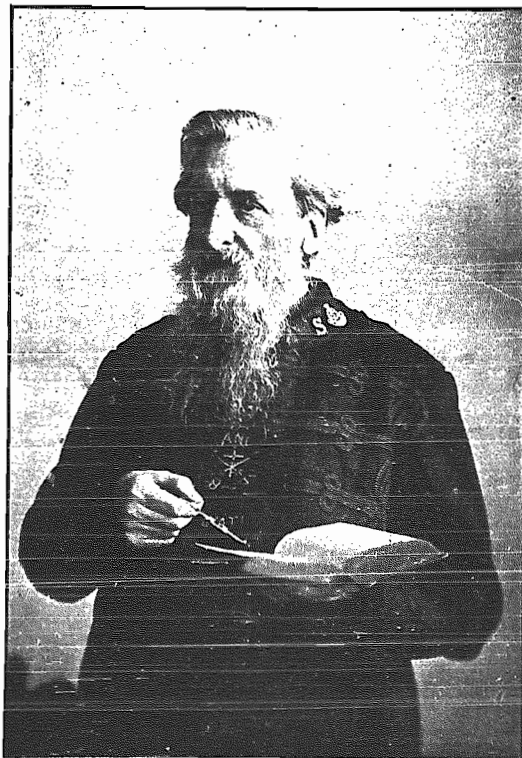


# CHRISTMAS WARCRY



Believe me your affectionate friend  
William Booth

1894

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

GOODWILL TOWARD MEN

SIN CURSES CHRISTMAS

SAVATION BLESSES IT

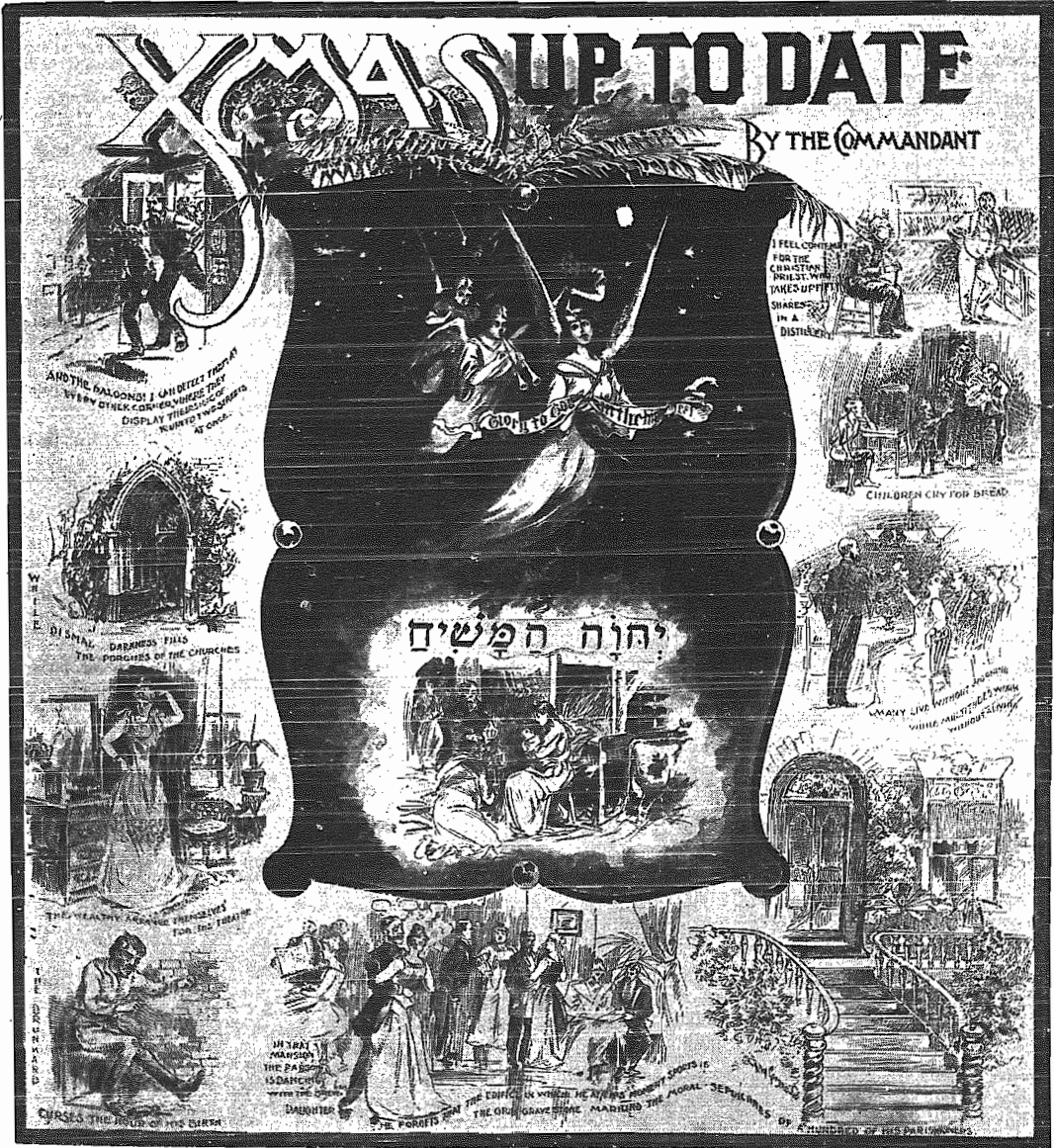
SHUN SIN SEEK SALVATION



# WAR CRY



VOL. XI. No. 12. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, DEC. 22, 1894. [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 10 CENTS.



"Sometimes we put to ourselves the enquiry, 'What was Christmas?' In search of that query our spirits go backward till they reverently halt at the stable door in Bethlehem, where we find infinite love manifesting itself through infinite humiliation. After that we ask ourselves with a sad sense of oppression, 'What is Christmas?' Then our spirits go into mourning. We can find no escape from the shocking picture which presents itself. A hideous contortion seizes the mind; a delirium of confused ideas occupies the brain; a self-contradiction perplexes the judgment; and a mighty mockery vexes the soul. In other words, we are compelled to say that perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the continued presence in this world of those causes which necessitated the story of Bethlehem and Calvary, is that which manifests itself in the method by which the vast majority of a nation, calling itself Christian, celebrates the birthday of Christ."—Extract from the Commandant's article, 1892.

## THE LIFE-GIVING TOUCH.

(OUR SUPPLEMENT.)

THE Supplement is a lithographic re-production of the painting by Hoffman, the original of which is now in the famous Dresden Gallery.

The subject is treated with masterly effect. "This is the Christ," is the sentiment which every observer seems to have. His figure is a beautiful combination of "mingled love and sorrow." His face looks care-worn from incessant travel and toil, and yet it is radiant with His compassion which moved Him when He saw the grief of the poor mother. The painter has shown the true Son of Man and the true Son of God in one figure. With His right hand Jesus is raising the corpse. There is no laborious effort in it. Gently He holds the limp hand of the dead, and the life-giving touch sends the reviving power through the widow's son, who is just raising himself, not fully realizing yet what is taking place. The figure of the widow is life-like in every detail. You can see the effects of nights of grief and tears in her thin face, but all is vanishing when she sees life returning into the body of her boy. It is like the darkness of night retreating before the rising sun; she is smiling through tears. The sudden change from bitter sorrow to extreme joy is too much for her frail frame, she sinks on her knees, and her trembling bony hands are stretched out toward her son, to receive him back through Jesus.

Let us glance briefly at the onlookers. There is the young woman full of unfeigned gladness. The young man who believed always in Jesus without seeing any signs is turning round to the grey-bearded cynic and with one hand pointing at the scene, seems to say, "I told you

HE IS THE CHRIST

and you would not believe it, here you can see it for yourself." But the old man strokes his beard and thinks: "Well, this is more than I can explain, but I wonder whether there is some trick about this, or whether this is not done by Satan.

Then there is the youth pushing himself right up to the bier, and overcome by his own curiosity is peering into the face of the reviving corpse to make certain he does see rightly.

The elderly man, hitherto has not believed, but he is honest, and when he meets Jesus, just as He raises the dead, he is overcome by boundless admiration and he is convinced this must be the Messiah. His eyes speak that it is not the raising of the corpse which he admires, but it is the Christ who stands there; he sees the Son of God only. The muscular toiler behind also has abandoned himself to reverence and he understands the human side of the Saviour, but is surprised beyond measure over His Divine power to restore life. In the background is a child who can hardly understand the situation, and looks puzzled at the sudden change of the funeral scene to a scene of rejoicing.

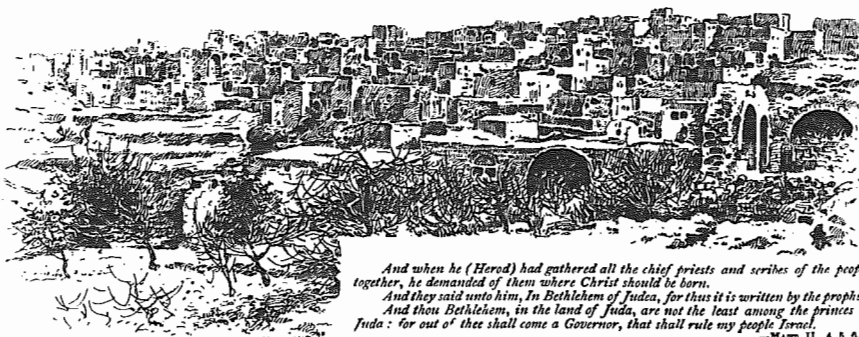
An intelligent observer can look at the picture never so often, he will always find something to admire. Every one who has a copy should get it framed, as it will be to old and young a blessing and inspiration, and is a very impressive way of preaching to those who come to your home.

Thank God, Jesus lives still to raise the spiritual corpse to life in Him, and He wants us to be His hands by which He does it.

Where Christ was born.

"I will set up one Shepherd over them, and He shall feed them, even my servant David; He shall feed them, and He shall be their Shepherd."

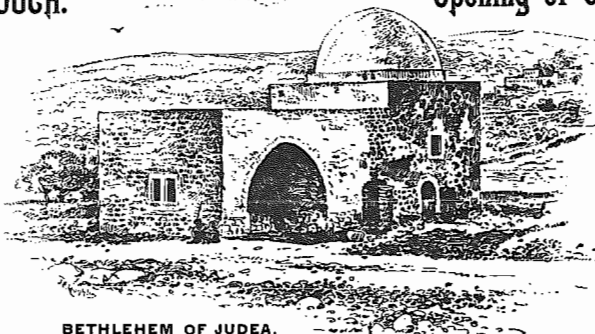
—Ezekiel xxxiv. 23.



And when he (Herod) had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judaea, for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judaea, art not the least among the princes of Judaea: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

—MATTHEW II., 4, 5, 6.

## Opening of Ottawa Rescue Home and Children's Shelter.



BETHLEHEM OF JUDEA.

ANOTHER CHARMING JUBILEE SCHEME CARRIED THROUGH TO A TRIUMPHANT ISSUE BY MRS. BOOTH, OUR RESCUE LEADER.

A Substantial Christmas Gift to the Suffering Representatives of Jesus who are in our Midst To-Day.

(Photo. of Home will appear next week.)

IN IMPERIAL OTTAWA, where the noble Parliament buildings stand on an eminence, fronting the beautiful Ottawa River, the Salvation Army has now a nice, comfortable home, in the heart of the city, for rescuing the poor outcast, and sheltering little waifs.

As we noticed the ornamental crown which surmounted the main Government building, the other day, in token that it was set apart for the use of its Sovereign Queen, we could not but rejoice that Jesus, our King, is Crowned Head of our cosy home, and that it is set apart for His business exclusively.

On entering the hall, on the left is a nice, bright room, for

A PLAY-ROOM FOR THE DAY-TIME,

and a lecture-room for meetings in the evenings. A warm, crimson rug covers the centre of the room; plants on the mantle shelf and table; a small organ, chairs, etc., furnish one part of the room; while on the other side stands a wee kindergarten table and chairs, with little rocking chairs; while texts, such as "God so loved the world," "Feed My lambs," and "Of such is the Kingdom," decorate the prettily papered walls.

The next room is the matron's room and office. A glass door opens out to a verandah from it; it is nicely carpeted and furnished; a little oak desk also fills part of the room.

In the hall, we come to the dining room, with two long tables—one for the children, with six pretty high chairs, waiting to receive their little occupants; the other table is for officers and girls.

Entering the kitchen, the main feature of which is a brightly polished range, table, chairs, and cooking utensils. There are back and front staircases. The lower and upper hall and staircases are covered with oil-cloth. Most of the floors are painted.

To the back of the house is a hall, bath-room, and a bright little sewing room. The window is very large, with a nice shelf full of plants. A sewing machine, table and chairs are the furniture.

CRADLE AND COT QUILTS

are in various stages of manufacture. After we have finished furnishing, sewing, knitting, and other industries will be carried on by the girls.

In the children's bed-room there are six pretty, pink, wire cots, each little bed covered with a white spread, in which we expect, before long, some poor, wee, uncared-for children, tucked in under the warm blankets—shall forget the past bitterness of their lot, the hunger and cold, and the lack of human love.

Near this is another officers' room. Next, the nursery; two iron bedsteads, washing-stands, rocking-chair, and cradles, are here. Just now you will see

A TINY BROWN HEAD

resting on a white pillow in one of these; a small, fat

hand thrown out on the coverlet. This is the child of a Rescue lassie, who has been saved, and is working in a situation, trying to provide for the little one whom she loves too dearly to part with.

On the next floor are two sleeping rooms for the girls.

The people have been very kind. The soldiers and officers have helped us much.

May your heart go out in practical pity for the neglected babes and the poor erring women.

ENSLION COWAN.  
Ottawa.

## A Christmas Box for Jesus!

M. O.

MARIA SIMPSON.

M. O.

Tune—"Stand up for Jesus."

A CHRISTMAS box for Jesus,  
We all will gladly give;

For, oh! without our Saviour,

How could we die, or live?

Silver and gold for Jesus;

Repeat it o'er and o'er;

Oh, Christian! do your duty!

Increase our Army store.

The blessed Christ-Child, Jesus,

From Heaven, far away,

Came down to earth to save us,

This glad December day.

Salvation Soldiers, praise Him—

(This Christ-Child set us free);

For God, the Army, praise Him;

Our General's Jubilee.

Ten thousand Christmas boxes

Will now be given away;

Shall we forget our Saviour,

Salvation Soldiers—say?

We Soldiers? Never, never!

Oh, no! we never will!

Christ shall be first and foremost;

His coffers we will fill.

Our Army needs it sorely—

Our Army and our God;

This earth belongs to Jesus,

From mount to grassy sod.

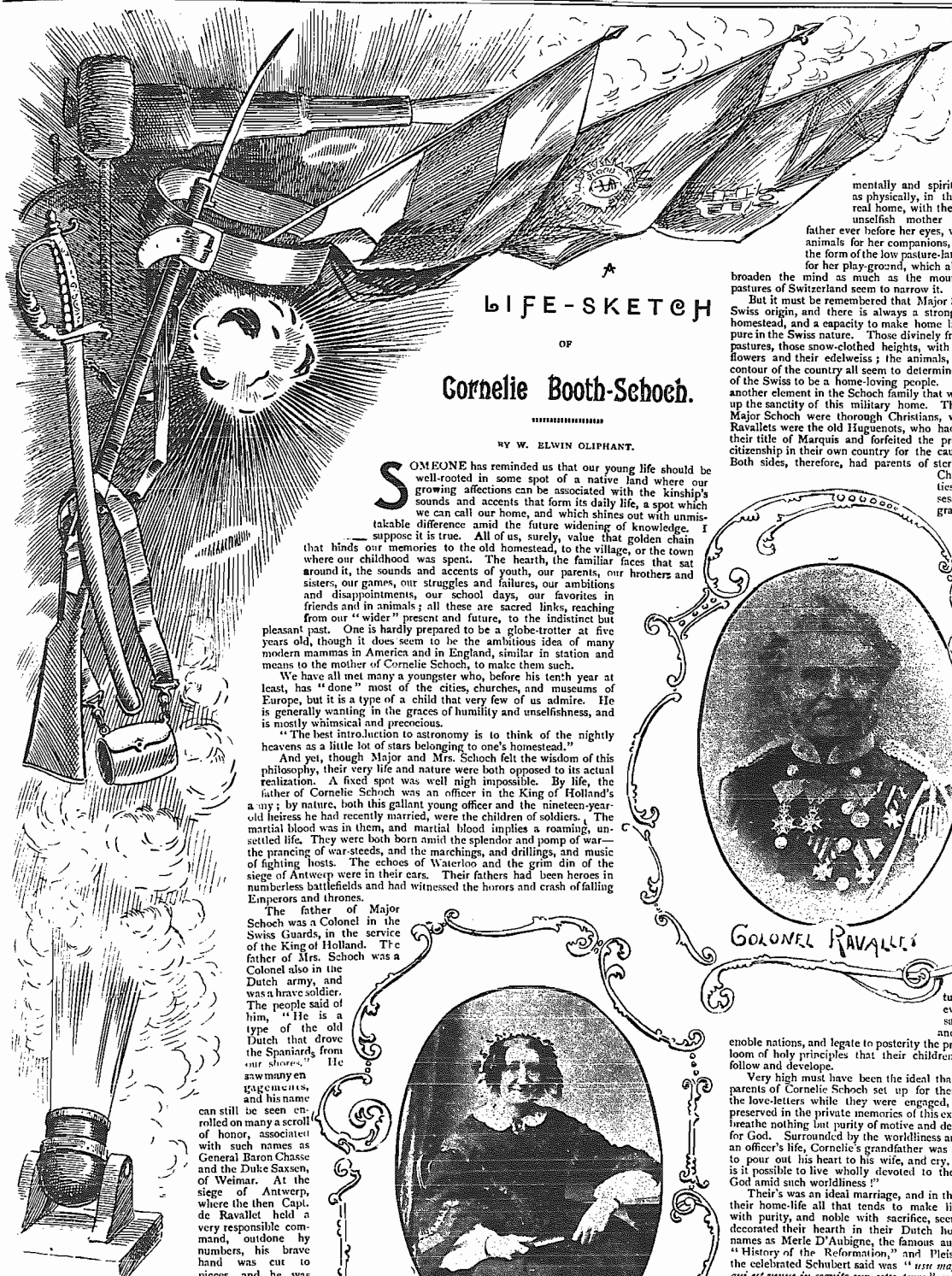
He claims our full possessions—

Our hearts, our souls, our all;

Lord Jesus, Thou shalt have them—

Low at Thy feet we fall.





## LIFE-SKETCH

OF

### Cornelie Booth-Schoch.

BY W. ELWIN OLIPHANT.

SOMEONE has reminded us that our young life should be well-rooted in some spot of a native land where our growing affections can be associated with the kinship's sounds and accents that form its daily life, a spot which we can call our home, and which shines out with unmistakable difference amid the future widening of knowledge. I suppose it is true. All of us, surely, value that golden chain that binds our memories to the old homestead, to the village, or the town where our childhood was spent. The hearth, the familiar faces that sat around it, the sounds and accents of youth, our parents, our brothers and sisters, our games, our struggles and failures, our ambitions and disappointments, our school days, our favorites in friends and in animals; all these are sacred links, reaching from our "wide" present and future, to the indistinct but pleasant past. One is hardly prepared to be a globe-trotter at five years old, though it does seem to be the ambitious idea of many modern mammas in America and in England, similar in station and means to the mother of Cornelie Schoch, to make them such.

We have all met many a youngster who, before his tenth year at least, has "done" most of the cities, churches, and museums of Europe, but it is a type of a child that very few of us admire. He is generally wanting in the graces of humility and unselfishness, and is mostly whimsical and precocious.

"The best introduction to astronomy is to think of the nightly heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to one's homestead."

And yet, though Major and Mrs. Schoch felt the wisdom of this philosophy, their very life and nature were both opposed to its actual realization. A fixed spot was well nigh impossible. By life, the father of Cornelie Schoch was an officer in the King of Holland's army; by nature, both this gallant young officer and the nineteen-year-old heiress he had recently married, were the children of soldiers. The martial blood was in them, and martial blood implies a roaming, unsettled life. They were both born amid the splendor and pomp of war—the prancing of war-steeds, and the marchings, and drillings, and music of fighting hosts. The echoes of Waterloo and the grim din of the siege of Antwerp were in their ears. Their fathers had been heroes in numberless battlefields and had witnessed the horrors and crash of falling Empires and thrones.

The father of Major Schoch was a Colonel in the Swiss Guards, in the service of the King of Holland. The father of Mrs. Schoch was a Colonel also in the Dutch army, and was a brave soldier. The people said of him, "He is a type of the old Dutch that drove the Spaniards from our shores. He saw many engagements, and his name can still be seen enrolled on many a scroll of honor, associated with such names as General Baron Chasse and the Duke Saxe, of Weimar. At the siege of Antwerp, where he then Capt. de Ravallet held a very responsible command, outdone by numbers, his brave hand was cut to pieces, and he was forced to face the enemy alone, with his back to the wall. "Deliver your sword, sir," cried the enraged Belgian leader. "Take my life, if you wish, but I will never yield you my sword," was the proud answer of the future Colonel de Ravallet.

But home is not only a place, but a state, and happily the lives and occupations of fathers are not the only determining influences in a home. The home is essentially the sphere where woman is the queen on the throne. Wherever she is there is home; and though the husband be absent, and engaged in the rougher pursuits of life, if there is a real mother presiding over the family, the influence of that home circle becomes not a mere sentiment, but a sweet habit of the blood of the members everywhere, even if the order may come to change from one generation to another, which is the common lot of the soldier, and as was the case with Cornelie Schoch's father.

mentally and spiritually, as well as physically, in the bosom of a real home, with the example of an unselfish mother and a noble father ever before her eyes, with birds and animals for her companions, and nature in the form of the low pasture-lands of Holland for her play-ground, which always seem to broaden the mind as much as the mountain-enclosed pastures of Switzerland seem to narrow it.

But it must be remembered that Major Schoch was of Swiss origin, and there is always a strong love of the homestead, and a capacity to make home life sweet and pure in the Swiss nature. Those divinely fresh and green pastures, those snow-clothed heights, with their Alpine flowers and their edelweiss; the animals, yea, the very contour of the country all seem to determine the destiny of the Swiss to be a home-loving people. But there was another element in the Schoch family that went to make up the sanctity of this military home. The parents of Major Schoch were thorough Christians, while the De Ravallets were the old Huguenots, who had surrendered their title of Marquis and forfeited the proud rights of citizenship in their own country for the cause of Christ. Both sides, therefore, had parents of sterling, practical Christian qualities; they possessed those graces and virtues that have ever been the salt of society and that every noble nation, and legate to posterity the priceless heir-loom of holy principles that their children can safely follow and develop.

Very high must have been the ideal that the grandparents of Cornelie Schoch set up for themselves, for the love-letters while they were engaged, which are preserved in the private memories of this excellent pair, breathe nothing but purity of motive and desire to live for God. Surrounded by the worldliness and gaiety of an officer's life, Cornelie's grandfather was wont often to pour out his heart to his wife, and cry, "Oh, how is it possible to live wholly devoted to the service of God amid such worldliness?"

Their was an ideal marriage, and in the records of their home-life all that tends to make life beautiful with purity, and noble with sacrifice, seems to have decorated their hearth in their Dutch houses. Such names as Merle D'Aubigne, the famous author of the "History of the Reformation," and Pleiss, of whom the celebrated Schubert said was "une magistric digne qui est venue in cognito sur cette terre," were familiar and intimate visitors in their homes and families.

Grandmamma Schoch was one of those delightful creatures that was lovable at first sight, and remained lovable and loving to the end. Here was a nature absolutely without guile and resentment. Character she had, but it was equable in its strength. Her name was Anna Louisa, but owing to the "heavenliness" of her temper and the serenity of her disposition, she was called, quite naturally, Celestine, a name that has descended to her son's first-born daughter. She was, too, of extraordinary outward beauty, which matched the beauty of her inward graces.

Grandpapa Schoch died early, leaving her with five children—all boys. Very touching must have been the sight of this young widow left struggling in a strange country—with these "ring grass garrows," as she would call them, shielding them from harm, directing their education



COLONEL RAVALLÉ



MME DE RAVALLÉ

and successfully guiding them to the goal of noble and ideal manhood, not one of them being mediocre men.

Still more touching was the sight of the two aged grandmothers of Cornelia living under the same roof as Major Schoch in their extreme old age like the dying ivy clinging round the new-upgrowing life of their children's children. Such was the soil in which the life of Cornelia Schoch was to be evolved and developed. All life has its roots that reach to the past as well as to the future, and only God sees the importance of those past roots in the life of a human soul. In the case of the subject of our sketch, who can doubt that that far-reaching past of her grandparents, as well as the direct efforts and training of her own parents, can have had but one result, namely, that of pre-eminently fitting her for her present post of standing by her husband as a refined and cultured helpmeet in his immensely responsible position as son of the General and a fore-leader of the Salvation Army? In the "widening" future of her life this will be doubtless still more clearly seen. In the meantime, be it noted, that through Grandamma Schoch came doubtless to Cornelia Schoch her marvellous gift of song, and perhaps her well-developed sympathy. She it was who taught her *ring gros farious* to sing instead of to quarrel. Even in her old age she would sit at her piano in the old grey town of Dordrecht with her singing grandchildren around her, and sing to them those songs of France, that Queen Marie Stuart has made immortal—

*"Quand tout renait à l'esperance,  
Et que l'horreur fait place de nous," etc.*

or those simple, but sublime melodies, which to this day find a ready echo in their hearts and bring tears to the eyes of those who hear them for the first time.

Singing was her comfort—the weapon she bequeathed to her boys and to her grand-children to drive away the discords and evil spirits the devil is often able to bring into family circles. "All the Schochs were born singing," exclaimed once an admirer of the family. In several members music and singing is a marked gift; they can play an instrument, or compose poetry and music as others can write.

Grandamma Schoch, moved by her songs the hearts of her five boys, but Cornelia Schoch has moved the hearts of thousands in England, Canada, and Holland. She is united to one who is the Charles Wesley of Salvationism, who has made all the world sing. If this were the only coincidence it would be remarkable as showing how the dim, often unreckoned past, acts upon the present, and how God in His own time knows how to unite two streams, that they may flow on in a wider sea of blessing together.

But of course the direct influence of her parents was the potent force in Cornelia's life. Major Schoch inherited the unworldliness of his father, and the spirituality of his mother. Mrs. Schoch inherited the strong, sturdy faith of her forefathers, the Huguenots, and the energy of her grim old soldier-father, whose life had been mostly spent fighting the Belgians. Her mother gave her her sanctified common sense and perseverance. She was par excellence Dutch, an heiress of considerable fortune, and of good family, an only child, and many a struggle did the "Beau Ferdinand,"—as he was then called, because of his fine presence and grace of manner—have before he could secure the hand of his bride from the grasp of the fierce old veteran, Colonel de Ravallée.

"But the Lord has always spoiled me, and given me the desires of my heart," remarks Major Schoch on this point, and soon he found himself in possession of a wife who was, if possible, more determined to live for God than he. They chose for their life-mate, "Seek first the Kingdom of



MAJOR FERDINAND SCHOCH

her later developed gift of song and her power to move a crowd. She was as natural as the birds, or the animals among which she always felt at home. Hers was that combination of pure, free Swiss, with the more solid, "seure" Dutch, that grows faster and stronger when the education is broader, than the narrow limits of the ordinary school room.

She loved change of scene. She was an enthusiastic traveller. Before her fifth year she had crossed the high seas, and before her eighth, she had recrossed them to settle again in Holland, this time with her parents in Dordrecht, a town of historical and ecclesiastical renown, in the south of the Netherlands. It was here, and at this moment, that Mrs. Schoch inherited the second fortune left to her by her lately deceased father. They had lost one fortune, but because God will be debtor to no man, and by that often seen law of compensation and provision, they had found a bigger one.

In their ample home at Dordrecht, with a fast increasing family, Major Schoch seriously took the education of his children in hand. Shunning schools, he taught little Corry, with her other sisters, himself, and procured the services of the best masters for their mental culture. Then fearing that the church, as then constituted, might bring him again into that comfortable attitude, so dangerous to aggressive warfare, and making his children pious, but not really *repentant Christians*, he left the church and the town to join a Free Church in the capital—Amsterdam.

Cornelia was now sufficiently developed to appreciate this change, and to make the best of it for her own culture and mental improvement. She finished her school education in Germany, and returned home an accomplished singer and linguist.

With such examples as the struggling lives of her parents ever before her eyes, how could her mind but be directed to a more solemn separation from the world, and a consecration of her life and talent "unto the Lord." Yet, the world had singular attractions for Cornelia Schoch at this time. She knew she could please; and who, possessing this power, is always proof against the subtle love of approbation? She knew she could shine in cultivated circles: who that has been deceived by the world's glitter, knows not the keenness of this temptation? Cornelia Schoch had a beautiful voice. She was welcomed in those circles where the highest move. She was a perfected linguist, a clever, humorous conversationalist, able at repartee. The world lay at her feet—it was willing to give her all if she would only bow down and worship at its shrine. Would she?

In 1884 there was an Industrial Exhibition in the Palace of Industries in Amsterdam. Mr. Schoch formed a committee for evangelizing the masses that flocked from all parts into the Venice of the North. With his usual Peter-like impetuous zeal, he wired to Phillip Phillips, to Jamaica, where he was working. These were the words: "The Lord wants you in Holland." Phillip Phillips says that he could not rest day nor night till the singing evangelist came, and for three months labored with the Schochs and

night till the

and could only a great rest

Major Schoch, impressed with the work she saw, and

God and all other things shall be added unto you," a command which they have obeyed and a promise which has been fulfilled.

Nothing shines out more clearly in the very chequered careers of the parents of Cornelia Schoch than their unswerving adherence to this motto in principle and practice.

"I would rather see you all lying dead in a row than that one of you should be a worldling," Mr. Schoch would often vehemently remark to his children, on seeing worldly tendencies in them. The religion of the Schochs was a robust religion. It made this brave couple leave all and follow Christ several times. No tie of affection, position, wealth, or country was stronger than the bonds that bound them to the Christ of the Cross. Major Schoch left his position in the Dutch Army because he saw that his profession was not in harmony with the principles and the kind of warfare Christ had enjoined upon his soldiers. Once, with his wife and four children of tender age, he left his native land, and dwelt in the utmost simplicity and in voluntary poverty, sacrificing reputation and fortune in order to escape the worldliness by which he found himself surrounded.

On returning to Europe years after with his family, often grinding himself down involuntarily into the vortex, he sought, and last found an organization where he could finally and completely sever himself from the fashions and ways of the age. He found the Salvation Army in London, and joined it, he, and his family.

It is surely one more coincidence to prove, that doubtless, God had His purposes with the Schochs, for when they found the Salvation Army, they became the pioneers of the movement in Holland.

Such were then the parents of the future co-leader—with her husband—of the Canadian forces, and such was the atmosphere of spirituality and consecration, in which the little baby-girl was born, who was afterwards destined to link the Booths of England with the Schochs of the Netherlands. This propitious event occurred in October 13th, 1864, in the Catholic and southern town of Bois-le-Duc (Duc), where Mr. Schoch was then an officer in the Royal Artillery.

The second daughter of Major and Mrs. Schoch was, according to all authentic and photographic accounts, a pretty fat and chubby baby. She early developed a sweet disposition, with a very decided character. She had a very humorous turn in her nature, which doubtless came from the same kindly and sympathetic plenitude of human nature as



ungodly to Christ, decided to give her voice to the Lord, and to henceforth sing "only for Jesus." Her father now formed a mission for the masses in a crowded part of the capital. She, with the daughter of a member of the Dutch Cabinet, and whom she had been the means of leading to Christ, started a work among factory girls, which was doubtless the forerunner of her special idea in Canada, "The League of Mercy."

Soon after, the Army began its operations in the Netherlands, and absorbed both Major Schoch and his evangelistic work. Miss Schoch was led to study and examine the work and its principles. Commissioner Railton, the General, and others were guests in her father's house. She was immensely impressed by the Army's natural religion, its directness, and the definiteness of its methods, as well as the results that followed the preaching of its simple pioneers. In her heart she chose it. The Army seemed to her to be the logical outcome and goal of her father's sacrificing life and labors. Her feelings of refinement, however, were opposed to and shrank from such a "death-consecration," that such a full avowal on the Lord's side involved. Still, tramping these under her feet as so many have been enabled to do, she entered the Army, not as an officer, on account of physical weakness, but as a helper. Her soldieryship in those days of the Army in the Land of Dykes was of a very interesting nature. At Alkenaar, in the north of Holland, she translated, visited, won her way into the hearts of the people who crowded nightly to hear the girl-officers. Then the Bishop City, Utrecht, was opened.

Miss Schoch acted as translator. The highest and lowest sat nightly in immense throngs under the spell of her singing. The enthusiasm and triumphs of those opening days were simply phenomenal.



MRS HERBERT BOOTH

The students flocked like moths round a candle to hear these young women evangelists. Many were so burnt that they are hot for God in their different spheres to-day. It is not too much to say that the whole of the city was full of the sayings and doings of the S. A., Miss Schoch was known among the students as the Nightingale, and was often greeted as such in the streets. Many were their converts. The Ensigns Mullers, now working so successfully in our Social operations in the Residency, were first attracted to God and to the Army by the singing of Miss Schoch. Several now members of the Army and of the churches, are unable to keep their tears back when they think or speak of those wonderful days in Utrecht.

From Utrecht Miss Schoch was appointed to assist Captain Harwood, now Mrs. Staff-Captain Mitchell, in Haarlem. It was a translation from the banks of the Jordan to the aridity and temptations of the wilderness. The difficulties were frequent, but a great victory was won, not, however, before her health gave way under the strain, and she had to take one of those periodical rests that she was ever forced to take, to dodge ill-health and break down. She fled, on this occasion, to Switzerland. An active spirit is always busy, however, and the greater part of the time spent here was employed in listening to the Swiss and German songs of the Mountaineers, and putting Salvation words to them. The well-known song,

"Holy Spirit, seal me, I pray,"

owed its origin to this source and retreat. Taking no companion with her, she simply gave herself up to the inspiration of the moment. Words were the only departure she made at first, but inspired by boldness, and encouraged by success, she argued, "Others have composed, why cannot I?"

The "Rose of Sharon" was the result. What could be more natural than to send her humble attempt to the (then) head and founder of the musical department, Commandant Herbert Booth? By good fortune it came directly into his hands. Like so many natural and apparently small incidents, it contained the germ, etc.

But why linger on this interesting part of Miss Schoch's life-history? My pen may spoil it. We all know that the Commandant not only liked and found merit in the composition, but considered it meritorious in the composer.

With health restored Miss Schoch was now able to throw herself entirely into the Salvation Army, and bravely, not even reckoning the past a home service, she entered the ranks as cadet and afterwards as Training Staff-Captain to the Regent Hall Garrison in London, England, under that experienced and well-tried officer, Major Tait, a true companion and co-worker.

It was from here that Cornelia Schoch was united to Herbert Henry Booth, in the Congress Hall, Clifton, by the General. The vast Hall was quite full with 5,000 people at 11 a.m. The last letter ever written by Mrs. Booth, was painfully deciphered in this gathering by her



MAJOR SCHOCH OF THE SALVATION ARMY

fine gifts of song and of the pen, by which to reach the enormous constituency of her husband; still she possessed the rare gift of using little things by which she felt and won her way into the sympathies of her comrades. She was tireless in her efforts to rise to her duties. She travelled with her husband. She was in constant council with the officers. She was unintermittently diligent at the home office. She stood bravely on the same platform with the Commandant, and soon became to all a lovable and striking figure, spreading confidence in the government of the Army, and bringing in love and harmony into crooked hearts and places.

Few women have risen up to their privileges and duties with more dignity than Cornelia Booth-Schoch, and when the order came to forewell there may have been joy in the Dominion, but there was universal regret in the British field.

Commissioners', Colonels', and Majors' wives, in addition to themselves, had got to look upon her as a friend and as a sister.

Her husband had a piece of the most difficult work to do in England at that moment that can be very well imagined. Without her aid he might certainly have accomplished it, but it is only fair to say that with her carried it through with infinitely less friction and difficulty. She oiled the wheels; she smiled when the Commandant had frown. The gentleness of the one and the strength of the other enabled them to accomplish a piece of work, the benefits of which last to this day.

Of her work in Canada, her League of Mercy, her devotion to her husband, to the cause which has passed through such a terrible ordeal, her acceptance by the Canadian public, her ability to command the attention and the sympathy of the masses and the classes, more eloquent and after pens than mine must describe.

My pleasant task is done. Her's is the story of a consecrated life to a good and holy purpose, and as such cannot fail to appeal to all that is unselfish, good, and noble in the nation, and the humble writer prays that a similar consecration may take place all over the Dominion for the glory of God and the salvation of its people.

THE PASTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON, LONDON, writing the Canadian CRY, says: "I have had good opportunity of seeing the work of the Salvation Army in the Colonies, and can testify that it has been the means of rousing the careless and raising the fallen. No one doubts the zeal and disinterestedness of the officers and their comrades. I am glad Army, and long live the General!—Heartily yours, THOMAS SPURGEON."

KEIR HARDIE, Esq., M. P., the celebrated labor leader, writing to the Canadian CRY, from London, England, says: "I very cordially join my congratulations with General Booth and friends in this year of Jubilee. He is one of the men who work, while others talk, and the worker always commands my admiration.—Wishing him long life, I remain, yours sincerely, J. KEIR HARDIE, M. P."

PRIVATE AND  
CONFIDENTIAL.

FOR FRIENDS ONLY!

## An Interview With The General.

ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE CANADIAN "WAR CRY," BY A NEW SALT.

"GENERAL, it has been impressed on my mind that many of the almost innumerable comrades and friends who are far away from the present scene of your labors, would like a little more personal information respecting your than they are able to glean from the reports of your campaign. Would you allow me to ask a few questions for their benefit?"

"By all means. I am being interviewed every day by reporters of the secular press, largely to meet the curiosity of strangers. Surely I am open to give such information as may be of interest to my own beloved soldiers and friends, whether far or near."

"I thank you, sir! I will begin by asking how long it is since you landed on this continent?"

"It is about ten weeks since I received the enthusiastic welcome of the warm-hearted Newfoundlanders."

"During that time, your Private Secretary tells me, you have travelled 8,000 miles, the same occupying 237 hours; given 161 addresses, the bulk of which have taken an hour or more in delivery, besides writing hundreds of pages of correspondence with your own pen, together with several articles for the Army press. This seems an appalling amount of work for the time, involving an immense expenditure of energy. In this connection, General, I share with your friends in England and throughout the world the one leading anxiety that expresses itself in the enquiry how your health stands. May I ask you that question?"

"Certainly, and in reply I think I am safe in saying that my health is all right—anyway, it is as good as it has been for some time gone by."

"But is not this travelling by night and by day, and all these continuous meetings, with all the labor that comes between, a great strain upon you?"

"Yes, I admit that it is, but I am also thankful to say that I do not think I am suffering any permanent injury on account of it, and I endeavor to observe myself in this direction pretty closely, as I love my work too well to want to be separated from it before my time."

"I have heard, General, that some months before you left England, you were troubled with some heart weakness. How is that affected by this endless journeying and speaking?"

"Well, I think it is very much better; indeed, the symptoms have all but disappeared, and, notwithstanding the fact that I am often exceedingly weary at night, and with difficulty drag myself up for duty in the morning, I am able to come up to my engagements in a manner that astonishes myself no less than those around me."

"To what do you attribute this remarkable vigor, so unusual at your age, seeing that you have not the appearance of being overburdened?"

"I suppose I have much to be thankful for in the possession of a wiry constitution; then I endeavor to be careful with myself between meetings; to be frugal in my diet, and, most of all, I fall back upon the sustaining hand of my loving Lord, Who, having commissioned me for this campaign, is, I believe, bearing me up in carrying it through."

"May I ask, General, what you mean by being careful of your health between meetings, and by moderation in your diet?"

"I get away to my own room as soon as I am through my eating, for writing, and so on, and although I prove myself, perhaps, an unsocial guest, yet I am thereby saved the wear and tear of much profitless discussion and useless gossip. By moderate diet, I mean total abstinence from unnecessary food, and a very moderate use of what is useful and sustaining."

"Are you a vegetarian still?"

"No, I regret to say that I am not, for, seeing what discussion and trouble it would be likely to entail during my travelling, I deliberately laid aside this subject on the day I left England. I am now taking a little meat once, and sometimes twice, a day."

"A table of your diet might be useful, General, to some of us. Would you oblige us with it?"

"Well, you see, my present bill of fare is hardly what I am prepared to endorse, seeing that it is made up to meet my present circumstances, and, therefore, has no my recommendation for those who are not rushed about at the speed I am just now. But if it is of any interest, I can supply you with it easily enough. Here it

is: I take for breakfast a little Ceylon tea when I can get it, which is what all good Salvationists drink. I like it made black and strong, and then toned down with a little hot milk, after the fashion that our French friends take their coffee. From the tea I get a little relish, and from the milk a little nourishment. With that I take also, when I can, a little bacon, or a single egg which, with a slice or two of dry toast, warm and crisp, I find an ample repast. For my mid-day meal, I take a little soup—the more vegetarian it is the more I enjoy it—a small piece of any meat that is on the table, with a potato. If I indulge in anything beyond this it is a baked apple. Immediately after my afternoon work, I have tea and toast only. After my evening meetings, I merely close up with a bowl of bread and milk."

"And do you find that simple bill of fare sufficient to maintain your strength on with three meetings per day, with as much nervous and physical energy as I know you throw into them?"

"I do not call it simple at all—I think it is rather varied and luxurious, and would like to simplify it if my poor digestive facilities would allow me. As to its being simple, I find it ample for me, and I do not see why it should not be for others. But constitutions differ, and I do not profess to lay down inexorable rules for others."

"But, General, I have sat at the table with you, and I have noticed myself, and heard your host lament, that you take so small a quantity of what you do allow yourself?"

"You know, I hold strongly to the opinion that the less amount of food the better, so that it is sufficient for the maintenance of strength; and I have been telling my medical friends lately that they ought to experiment on some other patients, or, failing patients, they should experiment on themselves, as to how small a quantity of food will keep a man in health and vigor. The great effort of nearly all the people I have known, who ranked above the very poor, has been to find out how many good things, and hinder those spiritual exercises by which men rise from the creature to the Creator, from the material to the Divine. Therefore, I say to my people, 'Watch the quantity quite as much as the quality.'"

"What about your billets, General? Have they been comfortable upon the whole?"

"A great many of them have been too good; and in all cases I have been welcomed with every form of respect and affection to the tables of some of Canada's and America's best and most hospitable citizens, who have endeavored to make me at home, notwithstanding my strange notions of eating and drinking, and some of these friends will live in my recollection forever."

"How do you manage, General, to keep your mind sufficiently composed for your public services, and the rush of so many strange people, places, homes, beds, and excitements?"

"I cast myself on God and go forwards, doing one thing at a time, and doing it with my might, looking to Him for strength to carry it through."

"Do you not find it a great tax to be continually standing before such large and critical audiences, more or less unknown to you, with so little time to make any preparation either of heart or of brain?"

"Yes; I must say that I frequently do. Sometimes it requires all the faith and courage I can command. My first meeting in a city always makes considerable demands upon my nervous force, especially in view of the cold, stiff exterior usually presented by an American audience. But I go on, doing the best, I can, relying upon God and the truth I have to make known."

"But is not the frequent repetition of the expositions you have to give of Social and Salvation operations wearisome to your mind?"

"No, I cannot say that it is. When my heart is alive to my work—which, I am happy to say, it usually is—everything I say is fresh and important to my own mind; and I am glad also to think that although my Staff have heard me on these themes a good many times, yet they find the topics and explanations nearly as interesting as when they first heard them."

"So far as you have gone, General, has the tour answered the expectations with which you contemplated it before leaving England?"

"Yes, on the whole I think I can say it has fully done so. If it has fallen short of them in some respects, it has exceeded them in others."

After your Continental, Australian, South African, Indian, and, I may add, British welcomes, had you any misgivings as to how you would be received in Canada and the States?"

"Well, I must confess that on the top of the many scandalous reports that had recently been made about myself personally, some members of my family, and the management of the Army generally, I did foresee the possibility of the Canadian public withholding from me that generous reception which they gave me eight years ago. With respect to the United States, I felt that four years had passed since my

"Darkest England" book had

in some small degree stirred the public mind; that many things pleasant, and some painful, had happened since then to absorb attention and banish my poor personality and work from men's thoughts. Still, I felt quite sure that there was a circle of the friends of God and man which, although it might be limited, would be pleased to see me, and, anyway, I was positive of an enthusiastic reception from my own people."

"How have things come off in this respect?"

"So far as I have gone and had opportunity for observing, my fears have proved groundless. Nothing could exceed the heartiness of my welcome in nearly every place I came to in the Maritime Provinces and Canada, the welcome in these parts surpassing that of eight years ago, which will live in my memory forever. My reception in the States has been equally cordial. Of course, my stay has been so short, the meetings in some places having had only a brief announcement, while numbers of the vast population take no interest in the questions that I represent. Yet the curiosity to see and hear me has been considerable, and the good feeling shown me and the Army has been all but universal."

"Have the clergy participated in this recognition, sir?"

"Yes, they have usually led the way in this matter. This has been seen in Australia, New Zealand, and Australasia. There are representatives of every form of secular government and humanitarian effort were specially to the front. In Canada it was so also. In the States the churches have been more prominent."

"Have you observed any difference in the attitude of the churches toward the Army and to yourself personally, to that of the clergy of Great Britain?"

"Nothing could very well be more kindly than the attitude of the ministers and the leading men in the churches on this great Continent. On every hand the need of the Salvation Army is admitted, the judgment of the respect of the outlying classes is confessed and deplored, the fact that many of the churches are unequal to the task is allowed, and in every case the blessing of God has been prayed for on our behalf."

"Very kind things have been said about you, General, have there not? And some of your friends have been a little afraid lest you should be exalted above measure by the applause of so many good, prominent, benevolent men?"

"Yes; the leading men of these cities—indeed, on might truly say the leaders of public opinion in religion, learning, philanthropy, and, in some cases, in politics—have said most kind and flattering things of me personally, and of the Army also; but I certainly am of opinion that there is no need for alarm on the part of my friends with regard to my humility being seriously injured, seeing that, with Paul, I have plenty of messengers to buffet me in the shape of the difficulties and disappointments that are continually occurring. Moreover, I can truly say that the pleasant speeches and the applause I have to listen to two or three times a day only tend to humble me in the dust with a consciousness of the imperfection of my poor services in the past, and lead me to a more intense desire for the ability to serve God and my generation better in the few days that may be yet my portion."

"Have not the Press given you a very fair and full measure of attention?"

"Abundance of it! In private I have been interviewed by Press people in ones, and twos, and in groups; sometimes, as in New York and Chicago, according to what the papers themselves say, by as many as 200 at a time. While in public I never rise to speak, no matter what the character of the meeting—with the exception of my officers' and soldiers' private meetings—without the Press table being occupied to the full."

"How do the officers and soldiers that you have met with during this campaign compare with those of other countries?"

"My opportunities of judging are imperfect. Still, I should say that they are very much of the same character. In some respects they may be inferior, but where inferior I put it down to their circumstances. In others, perhaps they excel. Everywhere, however, they impress me as being on a general level in respect to religiousness, devotion to God, love to the General, and loyalty to the one Salvation Army."



"How have you been impressed with the Salvation Army's position in Canada? We have heard that the Army has had some fabulous times there of late, and prognostications of evil in the future have been uttered."

"There can be no controversy about Canada having had great difficulties to contend with, perhaps as great as any that could come upon a people, which difficulties have doubtless been growing in force for several years gone by, and beyond question, the whole Army has been lately shaken by it. I saw that plainly during the little time I was in the Dominion, but I also saw that things were not only on the upgrade, but travelling upwards at a fair pace."

#### THE COMMANDANT MEETS

desperately—too desperately for his strength, I fear. If he has not permanently changed his constitution in the battle, I shall be thankful. His wife has courageously stood by him in the front of the struggle, while a large body of officers and soldiers have understood and appreciated their leader and his difficulties, and have rallied to his side. The victory that he longs after night and day cannot be very far away."

"Then you enjoyed yourself, General, in the Eastern part of Canada and in Newfoundland?"

"I did so, and that very much, indeed. I thought many of the soldiers Al, and I am sure a little more sunshine will set the officers on fire, and the country, too."

"You will see a great change in the States since your last visit?"

"The difference is immense. When I was here before, the Army was in the throes of a great, or rather a small, secession war, which would have meant the destruction of any methods, however mean they might be, to destroy confidence and to gratify their own selfish ends. This traitorism effectively barred our way for a long time, but all this has vanished, and during the last two or three years glorious strides forward have been made. The Commander and his brave little wife have fought night and day, and now are at the head of a determined and a capable body of officers, as loyal as any in the world, who are ready for any service or sacrifice necessary to success."

"And your audiences, as compared with those of other lands?"

"In point of intelligence, respectability, and numbers, they equal any I have ever had in any country. As to respectability, whatever the American does or does not, he dresses well, and makes a good show outwardly, while

#### EVEN THE MILLIONAIRE WILL COME OFF

to disadvantage, judged by his clothes, compared with the clerk in a goods' store, who sits by his side. There is no mistaking the intelligence of an American audience, though I would not say that they were more profound than a European congregation. In some cases they very much resemble those I have had on the continent of Europe—attentive, thoughtful, and appreciative, but not nearly so responsive as the British or the Australian. In fact, I can scarcely tell how far my hearers are with me, or what effect my words have produced, until I have done, and then, if I give the opportunity, they will assure me on every hand of the pleasure and profit with which they have listened. I often wish that they had looked this responsiveness with their eyes, or murmured it with their lips as I was going along. This very much applies to a first acquaintance. Once familiar with my hearers, there are no people I enjoy talking to more."

"In respect to your Staff, General, will it be too inquisitorial for me to inquire whether they have come up to the expectations you formed in choosing them?"

"No, you may put the question, and I shall not hurt them by saying that they have done quite as well, or even better, than I calculated upon. Anyway, I believe they have done their very best, that God has been with them, that they have been a credit to International Headquarters, have won the confidence and love of the comrades wherever they have come, and have been a great comfort and assistance to their General. This opinion, however, must be taken as only applying up to date. I hope they will be equally deserving of it on the day we finish the campaign. Anyway, God's blessing be upon them and upon those whom they have left behind to wander the world with me."

"General, your friends would like to know how you have gone on with the Salvation meetings—whether you have pushed forward in this country along the same lines, and with what result?"

"It has been one of my greatest troubles to be compelled to devote so much time to the exposition of my 'Social Scheme,' and of the Army in general, but the people have been eager to hear me on these subjects, and I felt it wise to comply with their wishes. I have, however, had some

#### WONDERFUL SPIRITUAL FIGHTS,

lasting hours, and with varying success, with two, and three, and four thousand people looking on, all apparently much impressed with the struggle to get people to the penitent-form. Some of these battles can never be forgotten—St. John, Montreal, Kingston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Cincinnati, for example. Could we but have had a few more gatherings of the same class, every one concerned has felt sure of a mighty crash. At other great cities, hundreds have fallen at the feet of the Saviour of the world."

"What do you think of the prospects of the Salvation Army spiritually and socially in both countries?"

"That there is an unlimited opportunity. I think I can apply Paul's words and say, 'Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, to conceive' what the Salvation Army may do, what it has to do, nay, what it will do, I believe, in this Continent. From Vancouver to the Gulf, from Nova Scotia to California, from Atlantic to Pacific, we have yet to go."

#### COMPASS THE SALVATION OF MILLIONS

of men and women, make them into soldiers of the Cross, and send forth both men and money in numbers and quantities sufficient to bring the world to the embrace of Jesus Christ."

"Have you formed any plans for new operations and extensions?"

"I can hardly say that I have made definite plans, but I see the direction in which we must work in the future plainly enough. For instance:—

"1. A much closer union, for practical purposes, must be affected between the States and Canada for Salvation work. The lines must be crossed and recrossed. Both nations have forces that can enormously assist each other."

"2. Means and agencies, in addition to those already employed, must be set in motion to deal distinctively with the different nationalities that are found in such vast numbers in different parts of the States."

"3. All and every form of our Social operations must be set to work as soon as possible, while those already in action must be greatly strengthened."

"General, I am going to venture one rather strange observation, which you will remark upon or not, as seems good to you, but there are, I know,

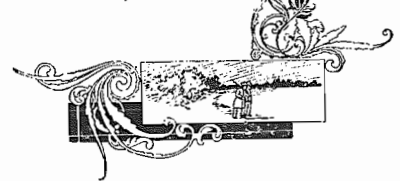
#### FRIENDS OVER THE ATLANTIC

who are hoping that you will not forget old faces, and come back to old England loving it and them less than before."

"That is rather a curious observation, I must admit; in response to which I have only to say, that as far as places are concerned, one spot is very much the same as another to me, if opportunities for glorifying my Lord and blessing the bodies and souls of men are equally favorable."

"My country is on every where."

So far as old friends are concerned, there are certain conditions on which I take men and women into secret circle of my soul—conditions heretofore, to make exclusion impossible circumstances. There are many precious ones, on earth and in that sacred enclosure, and yet, I there is room for any number more!"



## A Message of Peace.

TUNE.—"Friendship with Jesus."

Our hearts to-day with joy abound,  
Our voices loudly ring,  
For, Lo, the glorious tidings sound,  
"To-day is born a King."

Chorus:

Praise Him, oh, praise Him!  
Angel voices sing,  
Bringing tidings of salvation,  
Jesus is our Saviour King.

The promised Messenger of Peace,  
The Gift of God is He,  
The One Who bids our sorrows cease,  
In glorious Trinity.

What rapture does our spirit know;  
What joy, and peace, and love,  
To think that He came down from  
Heaven  
To fit us for above.

ENSEIGN TURNER, Toronto,  
Provincial Headquarters.

#### A LIGHT TO GUIDE THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

My Christmas day was spent in sin—drinking, smoking and dancing were what my poor unregenerated heart took pleasure in. Christmas day was a day above all others when the cruel enemies that were blighting my life, would seem to have most power over me, though often I would try and master them. But I tried in my own strength. As so many do, I failed and went under again and again. I knew why Christmas was commemorated, knew it was kept in remembrance of the Saviour's birth, the day on which the Son of God was born to live and die for me. But I was too vile to give it a serious thought. I did not want to follow the Star that would guide my barque aright and keep me from the breakers and quicksands of life's rugged coast.

My next Christmas day I was born again. I had found the Child Jesus and could worship Him. Instead of going to the fleeting pleasures of the world for satisfaction, I find it in Him. Whose birthday I hail with joy, and instead of spending it in a way that would dishonor Him I spend it in pleasing God and telling the world that He has become

The Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star,  
The Father of ten thousand to my soul.

—Capt. P. PARSONS.

## Christmas

AT A

## Hard Shop.



CHRISTMAS was drawing near; people were hurrying hither and thither, making purchases. The stores of the town were doing a rushing business, their trimmings of spruce and fancy paper flowers showing to advantage the goods. Everybody looked happy, and was extending best wishes for a merry Christmas.

But the subject of my sketch seems oblivious to all this. Seated in the quarters, he seems sad: his thoughts are over hills and water, to a spot where he has spent a number of Christmases; tears come to his eyes as he remembers those he has left there, chief among whom is his mother. It was his first Christmas from home. True, he was surrounded by a noble band of

#### OPEN-HEARTED, KIND SALVATIONISTS,

who had done their best to make him feel at home. He seemed to understand the truth of that old song:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

But, hark! the sound of a locomotive. He springs to his feet. Hurriedly putting on his coat, hastens to the station, for that is the train which he expects will bring his Captain back from a special meeting. His pulse beats fast as he hurries along. Something seems to whisper to his mind that the Captain is the bearer of some strange tidings. He has arrived at the depot just as the train, with a roar and a rush, dashes in and comes to a stop. The Lieutenant glances nervously at the passengers as they alight from the cars. After a moment he spies the form of the Captain, violin and valise in hand. A cold perspiration starts out on his forehead as the Captain places his hand in his and informs him that he has a very important message for him. The D.O. wants him to proceed to B— immediately, and reopen there. The Lieutenant faltered:

"ME GO TO B—, ALONE!"

He must leave the present corps, with its stirring band of soldiers, leave the Captain, to whom he has become attached, and go to what was known as one of the hardest shops in the Province. He, a young, inexperienced lad.

But God strengthened him, and he started out on Christmas Eve.

When the hour for meeting to commence arrived, it found him prepared to go forward to battle.

#### BUCKLING ON THE BIG DRUM,

he started off all alone, much to the amusement of the few people who came to see and laugh at him.

At the barracks he had one man and three children for a congregation. Nothing daunted he went at it, and talked to those present as if he had a large and influential gathering before him.

When he awoke in the morning a strange feeling took possession of him as he gazed around his place of abode, which consisted of one large room—kitchen, dining-room, parlor, sitting-room, office, and bedroom, all in one. Still, he felt contented to think that Christ had not only called him to reign, but also to suffer with Him. After eating heartily of the food which God had provided for his use he began to straighten up his little home. There were shelves to make, dishes to stow away, and mats to lay, which made the hours of the morning pass away quickly.

After eating dinner he knelt by the side of his cot, and with tears running down his cheeks, cried unto God on behalf of

#### THE SOULS OF THE PEOPLE

of that town, after which he sallied forth, a weak stripling of a David, to fight in the name of God against a mighty Goliath. God smiled upon the efforts of that soldier that Christmas afternoon, for in the meeting a large, powerful man volunteered out on God's side, and prayed to God to have mercy on his soul. The feelings of our hero cannot be described as he gazed upon the penitent praising God for saving his soul. It will be needless to say that the Lieutenant forgot about his difficulties.

W. A. S.







cast aside the husks. Allow me to show with that appalling effect you continue this process in the granary of human lives!" So saying the Spectre threw open the door.

## CHAPTER III.—THE VALE OF TEARS.

The picture that presented itself to the Brewer's brain, now apparently grown frantic, was positively horrible. He threw both hands into his hair and—looked. What he saw was something like this. The great hall was spacious, silent, sombre. Wealth had contrived to make it imposing, art to make it beautiful, skill to render it elaborate. The floor was of marble, the ceiling of gilded fretwork, the walls of mahogany, satin, and apple wood. The gas-jets set within globes and shades representing lilies of delicious hue, hung delicately from massive brackets that protruded from the walls. Some of them were bronze, some were gold.

At the foot of the stairway a magnificent cluster of these jets sprang from the central lanterns, but they were all extinguished.

The stairway itself was very broad. It rose from a position immediately fronting the library door, where the Brewer stood, and swept majestically up to a large window, where it took a turn to the left. Through the window, where the landscape arranged in colored glass, the moonbeams were streaming down the staircase. Between the bottom step and the library door there was also considerable space. The moon reflected upon this as well. There was something peculiarly weird about the light which suited itself to the objects it favored. It seemed to carry substance and color. This was caused by the silver rays passing through the tinted glass. The Brewer thought it came from Hell!

Now for the objects. Along the marble floor way, and up the great staircase lay a broad and luxuriant strip of carpet. It was the sort of thing put down for princes to walk over on festive occasions. The color of the carpet was crimson.

"Sir!" said the Spectre, advancing a little in front of the Brewer, as he pointed with his finger to the floor, "You are a Prince, the Prince of Paupers. Your subjects desire to do you honor. They know their master. They have laid this covering for your feet that you might walk this chamber of horrors in style most befitting your majesty, for although it is a Realm of Ruin over which you preside, by a strange contradiction you are not permitted to share the sufferings of your subjects—not I! I tread then this your triumphal avenue, but examine not the floor too closely. It is the color of blood!"

The Brewer, rigid, cold, confounded, went on looking. Along the outer edges of this carpet was a border of awful looking objects. It didn't appear to be artistically arranged, but seemed somehow to upheave itself from the foundation. It was formed entirely of skulls and bones. The bones were of various kinds, and the skulls of different sizes. Here a large one, there a small, now the fleshless arm of a man, now the ankle bone of a child, or the ribs of an infant. One thing alone about this fringe of skeletons looked to the Brewer's advantage. The skulls, which, of course, had only sockets for eyes, were all turned towards the library. The Brewer thought they were demanding that he should give them back their sight. He began to wonder if he had robbed them.

"Skulls and bones," said the Brewer's Ghost in blood-chilling accents, "each the remains of those who once contributed a brick to this building. In fact, here are represented the true builders of your palace, which is not so much the product of architecture as of heart-ache."

We have dealt, so far, with the setting. Now for the picture. By some inexplicable process, the public hall of the Brewer's mansion had been converted into a Valley of Despair. Crawling, slithering, standing, kneeling, leaning, lying—on either side these two borders of bones were the grimmest collection of human beings, or spirits of the grimmest collection of possible conception. This awful group of lost bodies crowded along both sides of the carpeted pathway and up the stairs. They struggled to rise, to stand, to crawl, to creep, across each other's shoulders, between each other's legs. They peered through the banisters, and climbed on the hand-rail. Some secured seats on the sill of the great window, where the falling light cast their ghastly shadows on the floor like elongated fiends. One very old woman, with white hair, bang, clung with bony hands to the gilded gas-bracket at the foot of the stairs. He carried the face of a lunatic, wearing an expression something between a grin and a death-gasp.

Another fearful object hung suspended by the neck on the hind cord of the great window. It was a man! The thinness of his body was so wasted, his eyes were shut, the blood in his veins had turned black—he was a corpse.

At present there was no sound, but the faces seemed to speak, and the rags to respond, while the stench of a compound of spirituous liquors and stum filth—filled the place with a dreadful influence. No sound without life symbol, nowhere among the motley crew, no vice without its victim, no deformity without its design, no beastliness without its brand. Every department of rascality and ruin seemed to have been here, this night, its representative to the Brewer's mansion. Tears were plentiful. One could

almost hear them falling. Subdued sobbings, deep groanings were just discernible, while the hot breath from a hundred mouths, and the smacking of parched lips betrayed a craving common to many—this was the craving for humanity.

Thus within this palace of luxury, whose towers and domes shot up into the starry sky, whose architectural grandeur made it the envy of a nation, whose stately apartments and unparalleled extravagance had rendered it the Paradise of the Millionaire; within this splendid sepulchre was gathered on this Christmas night, from that spirit world which knows no barriers, these emissaries of the degraded and filthy multitude who compose the underworld in the Dynasty of Drink. It was perhaps the most stupendous combination the brain could conceive, of magnificence and misery.

The Spirit moved on a pace, lifted itself erect, turned its spectral head, fixed its glaring eyes on the Brewer and said,—

"Behold your kingdom! Here are your subjects. Salute them! Be not dismayed at their wretchedness; it is the best significance they can offer of their devotion to your sceptre. Ah!—I perceive you shrink. You do not care for their touch. That is peculiar when they are your best contributors. You think them disreputable. Believe me, they are the consequences of that which you, yourself, are the cause. You turn up your nose at the stench. Listen, these putrid creatures are the husks of your trade. The leavings of your luxury. This is why they smell. You took their dignity and turned it into dollars; you took their virtue and exchanged it for venere. You took their homes and built this palace with them. You cursed

"This one first," said the Ghost, pausing before a woman with a wan face. Her features bore the trace of a sorrowful spirit. Although quite young, her hair was already white. Lifting her hand imperiously, she broke into a wail of anguish. The Brewer started.

"Oh, Sir!" she said, "my child was beautiful—so young—so fair—such prattle. She was my only child, too, my little girl. Yes, her name was Mary. Dear little Mary! Could you not, Sir, bring her back again? I am a lonely woman, and she was all I had. I was so happy; so happy, sir, when she would climb up my knee, and put her little lips out to be kissed; when I played over her at night, and sang her to sleep; when she would wake me with her baby-talk in the morning. Then, Sir, she was so like him: his eyes, his hair, his expression. He left her to comfort me. He told me that when he died. And, oh, she did, Sir; she did. The sweet, little thing would often wipe my tears with her pinafore. Oh, Sir, how dreadful!"

An awful expression crept over the countenance of the speaker. She raised her hands slowly, and pressed them over the head as if to keep her throbbing brain from bursting.

"Sir, how awful! They killed her! She took ill. I was poor; there was nothing for it but the hospital, so I left her there. God, why did I do it? The place caught fire! It blazed and blazed! Ah, those relentless flames! They leapt into the ward where she lay. I saw them burn; I felt them turning my heart into ashes. I would have hung myself upon them had they let me. But, am I dreaming? No; my little Mary was burnt. Burnt alive, Sir; they took her out a cinder. I did not even see her bones. I could not even kiss her little hand. But it

clothes. They screamed and tore their hair, then they fell on their knees crying, 'Have mercy.' It was a sight to sicken one's heart. The sea was quite calm. I ordered the boats to be lowered. The crew at the time of the smash were mostly on a spree in the fore-cabin. They had to fight their way through the crowded hatchway to the davits. Then, having reached them, they appeared to be slow, confused, and muddled. In fact, they were drunk.

Meanwhile the passengers went on scrambling and screaming. The steerage people broke loose from their part of the ship and fell like wild beasts upon the crowd already on deck. Being chiefly big men they fought and easily secured the best positions. I saw them trampling on women and children, but its only fair to say they were drunk and could not understand their conduct. I heard the water rushing in below. The ship settled. The four hundred souls on board divided themselves about equally—half began to curse, the other half prayed. A few sang. One couldn't discern the prayers for the oaths. Half the crowd died struggling, the other half submitting. Those who fought seemed to me to be tearing out each other's eyes in the water. Those who submitted died courageously. Some indignantly, others cowardly. I saw one man embrace his wife, place his child between them, and then they went down all three together.

"It all happened this way," continued the nocturnal orator. "I took the bridge at midnight, coming up from the saloon, where that evening we'd had a saved and an entrance. Of course there was a good deal of drinking. The officer then on the bridge I sent below. Shortly after this the Look-out, who was in the rigging shouted something. I was muddled and took no notice. He cried again, louder. I replied, 'All right.' Presently he cried again, louder still. This time I sent him to the Devil with an oath. After that he remained silent. Suddenly I saw a light. I thought it was green, and ported the helm.

The thing came nearer. Surely it was red. I put the helm hard over. Still nearer. The monster was upon me. My brain began to swim. One moment I saw green, the next red, the next both, the next nothing at all. A dreadful confusion overwhelmed me. A chorus of oaths broke through the darkness from the other ship. I felt a shivering sensation followed by a horrible crash. I put my hands to my head and tried to steady myself. Sir, to explain it thoroughly—I was wretched!"

The effect of this narrative upon the Brewer was to plunge him deeper into the delirium already distracting his soul. He reflected that this sinking ship with her drunken crew had hurried into eternity a whole constituency, some of whom looking down from Heaven and others up from Hell gave their damning record by the way and through the speech of this single individual. He trembled again as he thought that even from the still depths of the ocean his victims were pursuing him.

But he hadn't time to meditate. The Spectre was conducting him still further along the carpeted way to another object, which immediately commanded the whole sphere of his mental vision. It was the figure of a young child. At least it was so in name, but in look and in reality it was a living organism, chiefly feet, hands, hair, and hungry-looking eyes, held together by skin and bone. To the Brewer it appeared that this breathing skeleton thus deposited on the marble slabs of his own mansion had come to demand restitution for its flesh, which he and his agents had devoured. And yet the figure revealed nothing of fierceness. It was merely a helpless, sensitive, quivering embodiment of extreme hunger and destitution.

This little heap of misery stirred itself and began to speak. "Are you, then, my father?" asked a plaintive voice under the vacant stare of hungry eyes turned up into the Brewer's face. "Oh, father, I am your little daughter who seeks you. Don't you know me? have you forgotten? See my hair, my face, my eyes. They belong to your little girl! Listen—it is the same voice that speaks—the voice of your little Katie, who used to sing when you took her on your knee before poor mother died. Ah, poor mother! How she loved us! How she loved you, father! It was she, you know, who told me to seek you and bring you home again. She always said to let your little girl find you. It was I, father! She said, too, if I found you I must be sure and tell you she had forgiven all, and you were to come back to me and Freddie. But, oh," said the child, breaking into sobs, "you don't know me. Perhaps you are not my father. I must seek him still. But I am so tired, so hungry. If you could just give me a crust, Sir, a few crumbs of food—until he began to stop this gnawing inside; and perhaps, Sir, you could help me find him, my poor lost father, you know so many saloons. My feet are so blistered. You would know him, Sir. He was tall and handsome, they say. Could sing, and was clever. Black hair, and such bright eyes, still—oh, how awful—until he began to drink! I then, he neglected mother, sold the home, left us to starve. Poor mother struggled and struggled. At last she gave in. It killed her. The night she died, father was taken by the police. They dragged him to the lock-up QUITE DRUNK. That was the last we ever heard of him, Sir."

The Spectre laid his icy fingers on the Brewer's hand and led him away. By this time

(Continued on page 12.)



"At a fabulous cost this structure had been reared, but where had those dollars come from?"

their wives and children that you might decorate your own with ball dresses and diamonds. You took their hopes that you might render your prospect still more certain. You even took their blood and turned it into beer!"

All this time the Brewer stood motionless. Frightful ideas rushed upon his mind. The dreadful creatures crowding around him, seemed each to be grasping with greedy fingers at his soul. He felt the horror of a great vengeance approaching him, and he shuddered. He thought he could detect, in the countenance of each grim object presenting itself, a sinister look of revenge. Their arrogant defiance, in thus disporting themselves within his very dwelling, led him to believe, they were armed with warrants for his arrest, while their wretchedness made him tremble lest they should say what they knew to be the reason of their ruin. When he tried to calculate the price that might be set upon these souls so successfully defiled by him and his agents, cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore.

Glady he would have given his vast possessions to break away from the dreadful ordeal, but he couldn't. The Spectre, which seemed to grow more and more like himself, exercised over him an authority impossible of resistance.

"Come," it continued, beckoning him to follow along the carpeted pathway. "Some of your subjects have something to say to you."

They moved on together, the Spectre and the Brewer, who, at that moment, felt himself a great destroyer, treading the Vale of Tears.

was the caretaker who did it, Sir. He made a mistake in tending the lights—HE WAS DRUNK.

"Perhaps after all it is a delusion," continued this frantic creature with an expression of bewilderment. "Oh, do tell me so if you can. Kind Sir, tell me you've seen my little girl. You know where to find her. You will bring her back. You will put her in my breast. I shall feel again the clasp of her pretty fingers in my bosom. Ah—but you are leaving me. You do not know, then, the strength of a mother's love. You do not know—"

"Come," said the Ghost, "we must hasten on. There are other things. So saying he dragged the terrified Brewer, who felt his blood was freezing, from the woman's entreaties.

They halted next before a stalwart-looking man of about fifty winters. This new acquaintance to whom the Brewer was now introduced stood straight up and down. He carried an air of command, wore the clothes of a sea-captain, very much faded, and displayed a bloodshot eye. He began his story in a familiar strain, as though he had known the Brewer all his life:

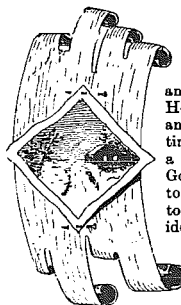
"It was your brandy that did it, Sir," he commenced. "The best I ever tasted anywhere. By heaven, it was a ghastly business! A night's work never to be forgotten. They went down like lead, Sir. Three hundred and sixty men, women and children found a grave in the ocean bed, and never a funeral prayer over one of them! After the crash came the panic. It was wild and dreadful. Men, women and children rushed on deck, most of them in their night-

## His Dying Message.

## TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

## SCENE I.

BY MAJOR BAUGH.



THE HOLIDAY SEASON was at hand, and he intended going home to spend it with his friends and acquaintances of long ago. He expected a hearty welcome, and intended to have a good time in his way. But what is a sinner's good time without God! Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, and lots of foolery; to some extent such were the ideas of the man of this story.

He had got a big bottle of whiskey, so that he and his mates could have a good parting drink; he would then have some for the

journey, and be generous with his friends.

His mates went to the depot to see him off. He bought his ticket, and in came the train. They were having a last drink together, when the conductor shouted "All aboard." The bell rang, and the train moved. One or two cars had passed, when this man—already under the influence of drink—made a rush for the hand-rail on the car, attempted to jump on board, but struck his toe against the step, and he

## FELL BETWEEN THE CARS

and the platform. He rolled round several times, then disappeared from sight, between the train and platform. The train goes on, and leaves behind it the mangled form of the poor fellow.

His mates ran to his assistance. He was not dead, he still breathed. They laid him on the platform and gathered round. One of them knelt by his side and asked him, "Have you any message to send home to your friends?—what shall I tell them?" Almost breathlessly they wait to catch his last words, for the gulf will be fixed in a few minutes, and that forever, from whence only one message has ever come back, so they listen eagerly.

At last he gasps out the message; it was this: "Gone to hell."

His mates turned almost as pale as their dead comrade.

## WHISKEY FAILS NOW,

mates fail also, none but God could help now, and He had been left out of the reckoning, been forgotten, been turned away; now this summer is ended, the harvest is past.

One may not be killed by a train, or in any other sudden manner, but without God I'm without a reasonable hope of heaven. The poet asks:

"Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be."

Thank God, salvation on earth makes life brighter; it makes holidays what they should be—holy days—and not only are Christmas, New Year, Easter, and other seasons good times to the soldier of the Cross, but every day is a holy day. Good times do not depend so much upon what a man has as upon what a man is, in his own heart, toward God.

"This salvation that can give sweetest pleasures while we live,  
This salvation must supply solid comforts when we die,  
After death its joys shall be lasting as eternity."

Let every soldier of Jesus remember that however dark our way may appear now, it would have been much darker without Christ. Let every sinner remember that however happy you seem without Christ, it cannot last long, and you would be much happier with the love of God shed abroad in your hearts, and it would last forever.

Wishing you all a very happy, useful, holy Christmas and New Year.



A SABBATH School concert and Christmas tree. A full church; many happy faces, and mirth prevailing.

A girl sits at the organ, just a child in years, but with a dissatisfied soul and yearnings after she hardly knows what. Brought up in a Christian home, with much to make life happy, yet never satisfied long at a time; sick of religion, yet always believing in her father's life. She has often tried to be good, but failed. Of late she has been going to Army meetings, irresistibly drawn by their odd manner of handling spiritual matters as every day truths and realities. We see her go home this Christmas Eve with tokens of love from friends, and expecting "a good time" that holiday season, and yet dissatisfied.

## SCENE II.

Just a year later, and on Christmas Eve, we see a girl Cadet in a little Army station plodding with her comrade-officer through the snow to a little hall where men and women stand up to declare what great and good things God had done for their souls, and the marvellous change in this Christmas Eve and the last they had spent. As she hears the penitent's plea, she

## LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

President of the British Women's Temperance Association, in a letter to the Canadian "War Cry," says:

I AM so glad to add my testimony to the many given in favor of the magnificent work that God has put into the hands of the General of the Salvation Army to accomplish. I think that perhaps no other living man has done so much to arouse Christendom to the necessity of facing the wants, spiritual and material, of the Anglo-Saxon race. Hitherto evangelists have ignored the fact that the bodies of the suffering poor must be rescued before any impress can be made upon their souls, and General Booth has proclaimed a gospel with which I am in hearty accord; that it is a disgrace to Christendom that, in the midst of plenty, men and women should be wanting food and shelter. He has aroused the consciences of those who profess the religion of Jesus Christ to a sense of their responsibility, and I believe he has enlisted the sympathies of thousands who could not feel any faith in that religion without works that cared only for the personal safety of their individual souls. I think that General Booth's name, and that of his wife, the "Mother of the Salvation Army," will stand out in the pages of history with those of Savonarola, Wesley, George Fox, Elizabeth Fry, and other great men and women, who, through the ages, have been raised up to do a special work at a special time; and I sincerely trust the campaign he is conducting in America may be productive of immense good to this great continent.

Believe me,

Yours for suffering humanity.

(Signed)

ISABEL SOMERSET.

feels that though separated from home, and friends, and loved ones, truly they who drink of the living water Jesus gives "shall never thirst." Both then as Cadet, and to-day—after years in the Salvation War she is SATISFIED.

## Christmas in Glory.

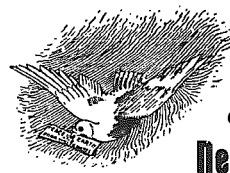
MRS. ENSIGN HAY PROMOTED.

Dear Editor.—Would you kindly convey to my dear comrade-officers and many friends, my heartfelt thanks for their telegrams and letters of condolence and sympathy, during the sore trial which our All-wise Heavenly Father has called me to pass through. Truly, it has left me lonely and with a sore heart, but I dare not doubt the promise that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord, whether prosperity or adversity. I believe that what I know not now I shall know hereafter. Indeed, I shall miss her, but with all, I shall look to God, for He only can satisfy. Your bereaved comrade,

ENSIGN J. W. HAY.

The Shores of Peace.

CHRISTMAS IN Newfoundland.



WHAT A STORM sweeps over the place! The winds are howling, the snow at times falls fast, the sea is foaming.

The waves dash furiously against the lee shore, driven by the violence of the wind. The ocean appears one mass of boiling billows. With such an angry appearance, they seem to say no craft can live, nor mortal being stand against its fury.

Already I can reckon seven crafts that have become total wrecks, while numbers of others have been driven upon the rocks, the anchor's hold given way.

THE "SALVATIONIST" IS ANCHORED TO A ROCK. Many more appear like solid icebergs, as the spray dashing over freezes immediately.

Both mail steamers are due, but they dare not venture to sea in such a storm.

The school children who usually play in front of the quarters are to-day at home by the warm fireside, for the thermometer is very low, and still descending. Some have been frost-bitten.

As I write, my mind wanders back to the many weary miles of travelling done last year in this weather with frozen ears and cheeks, and my eyesight much affected.

Again my thoughts travel on. I seem to see the many men, and women, and children who, during the winter months, shall feel the hard sting of hunger on account of the poor fishery this season.

Still farther on do my thoughts run. I think of the many who are afflicted, tossed with the tempest of sin, a guilty conscience, an aching heart, fearing the judgments of a just God, who must soon meet them as an angry Judge, if they do not repent.

Oh, sinner, seek refuge by the Cross ere God, the only anchor of your hope, sets you adrift.

My dear comrade-officers, who have given up our lives, situations, and homes, placing all at Jehovah's command, can we behold such a raging, howling storm, sweeping in its fury many men and women into an eternity of woe. Shall we not rise, and in the name of our King, clothed with heaven's armor, throw out the Gospel line and pull them into the SHORES OF PEACE? ENSIGN GOODY.

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## CRADLE-PRINCES.

And I believe there is only one cradle-prince on earth, and every mother owns that one.

A generation of saved boys and girls means a generation of saved fathers and mothers. Think of it, fathers who rejoice over your sons. Mothers, who are proud of your daughters, remember the noblest type of beauty is that which is stamped with the light of God's Holy Spirit.

It is your privilege to train your sons and daughters to be strong to fight sin.

As I pass along the streets and see the child ren waste, and think of the people who are longing for something to do to make the world better, I pray that God will waken them up to see that the hardest blow we can give to the stronghold of Satan, is to keep our children—everybody's child we come in contact with—in the sunshine of God's immediate presence. Brother, sister, are you filled with the Spirit of Christ?

With His loving sunshine this Christmastide, and be a sun of righteousness, whose rays will draw not only all true men and women, but the children, too, into the home circle of our Father God.

J. M. B.







## A TROPHY OF THE CANADIAN WAR.

BY ADJUTANT SOUTHALL

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT!"—The phrase seemed to echo and re-echo in one's ears while wending my way homewards after listening to Jim's thrilling story. One's imaginative powers were stirred, and as they played upon the scenes described, panoramic views rose before one's mental vision portraying a transformation stronger than a romance of fiction. It could not be reasoned out by logical deduction. Dismiss the presence of the Supernatural, it is a mystery—admit it, and you have the possibility of all things. Like as the wind that bloweth where it listeth, showing its effects, yet cannot be explained "so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Jim is not troubled about the theory of the transforming power of the Spirit, for none is the effect more real, and we can appreciate his earnest expression, "I believe in real conversion, because mine was real."

### THE ARRIVAL—AND ANOTHER ARRIVAL.

Jim's father and mother arrived in Toronto from "Ould Ireland" on the 9th of July, '42—Jim arrived three days after, thus having the honor of being born on the "glorious twelfth," which fact might have had something to do with his becoming an Orangeman in years that were to come, but which did not help him; and as he says to be a true Orangeman requires the inward experience of the things which it seeks to embrace and defend. The party only stayed in the city a few weeks, the father having taken up 300 acres of good land near Orangeville, which would, with proper attention and care, have put the family in a fairly comfortable position. He cared little for his family, and set that example which wrought ruin upon himself, and was destined to reproduce its effects upon his posterity. The land was lost through his inattention and neglect. Jim got some little opportunity of schooling, and for a while went to a school at Mono. This was the only influence that was calculated to help the stripling grow up into the "majestic oak" of true manhood. It proved but too inadequate—others and stronger influences were near to breathe their poisonous air upon the tender plant, not without result.

### THE FIRST CLOUD.

A "bee" was to be held at Jim's grandfather's to which he, of course, was invited. Though only thirteen years of age he must do as others do, and for the first time partakes of that cup which he had yet to prove contained its quantum of bitter dregs, and which was yet to bring into his life that bitterness which often led him to contemplate his own destruction. The next thing he remembers of that fatal night is waking up and finding himself nearly frozen to death, lying in deep snow under a tree, where someone had thrown him out of the way, when he could no longer take care of himself.

### DARK DAYS.

"My parents could do nothing with me, so I left home." This was Jim's reply to our query as to how he commenced to descend the broad way to moral and spiritual destruction. After getting away from home, the usual story—fell in with a young man—was told. Both got work with a thrashing gang, and went from place to place, earning good wages, but spending it all in whiskey, drinking day and night. Jim got married while still with the gang, but even this did not prove a sufficient incentive to do better, and two lives—and more as the years wore on—were compelled to share the sorrow and misery which is inseparable from the principle and practice of sin—the woe increasing as the power of the monster becomes more dominant over his victim.

The first death in the family since Jim's marriage occurred during this time. The baby died, and the father was required to go to town to make the necessary preparations for the funeral. So strongly had the monster of drink mangled his helpless victim, that the money intended to purchase the articles mentioned went into the saloon keeper's till. Jim was taken home helplessly drunk, thrown on the bed beside, which on a hard, lay the little corpse of his child. Dark days—the remembrance of them starts the tears in the eyes of the now sober husband and loving father, and yet the pang of sorrow is chased away by the joy of assurance that "the past is under the blood."

### NARROW ESCAPES.

These have been many, space will only allow of a mere glimpse at one or two. The nearest shave, perhaps, was the occasion, when driving a sleigh chine upon it, and owing not drive sufficiently machine, himself being saved from being on a rise in the ground. On horseback, he fell away, dragging him for foot accidentally got released, and so saved his life. Once he was nearly frozen to death, after getting drunk at the Farmington Hotel, near Orangeville, through lying in the snow all night, and was covered with about an inch of snow in the morning.

### BRIGHTER DAYS.

The first of March, '85, was destined to flash a ray of hope across Jim's dark and thorny path. Announcements were made that the Salvation Army were going to bombard the town. Would they be bringing guns and cannons Jim wondered, however, the Sunday morning came, Jim and his family were suddenly aroused while sitting beside a stove, with no fire in it, on the cold morning. Rushing to the door they could hear singing. Something seemed to speak to

Jim's soul. He would like to go, but having no decent clothes, he could not until the evening meeting. The words spoken by the Captain (Magee) and her aides seemed strange, and yet spoke of hope and mercy for him. Only twice in fourteen years had he ventured inside the doors of a place of worship, and the meaning of some things that were said seemed hazy enough. Still he determined not to drink any more. All through the next week the words he had heard on Sunday evening made him, if anything, more wretched than ever. By the next Sunday things spiritual had become a little more intelligible. Jim was convinced of his need, and being assured of the certainty of his finding if he sought, he did so, and on that second Sunday in March, '85, Jim McIlroy's name was registered in the Book of Life, and that night heaven's bells rung out to the joy of seraphim and cherubim the glorious tidings of Jim's salvation.

### A SOLDIER—HARD FIGHTING.

He became a soldier straight off. It was a heavy cross to go on the march the next night, but after that he rejoiced in the privilege of witnessing for the Saviour in this way. Many attempts were made to get him back to drink. A man came down to the Town Hall, but five dollars he would get Jim to drink, but failed. A saloon-keeper tried on another occasion to drag him out of the march. Men who would not have dared to say very much to him a few weeks ago, now said tantalizing things to him, but Jim's Saviour was not only mighty to save, but as mighty to keep. The tables soon turned, and people who wouldn't look at Jim now got him to work for them, and with his wife's conversion a few weeks after his own, a new epoch commenced in his home as well as in his life. The family altar was set up the first night. "This was a hard thing to do," says Jim. Told his wife he had gone to the penitentiary, who replied that it was no use, he would only make a fool of himself, and would be drunk within a week. However, Jim got down behind the door and prayed. The weeks have lengthened into years and Jim has kept his promise—not indeed in his own strength. A few weeks after his conversion his little three-year old daughter said, "I don't think papa will drink any more." Evidently she is destined to become a prophetess under the old flag that brought her father into touch with an all-conquering Saviour.

XMAS '84-'94.

Ten years ago this Christmas found Jim drunk before breakfast, nothing in the house, cold and fireless, his family having to go to his mother-in-law's house for dinner. All day and into the night he drank, which by a turn of the "blues." The next not so, nor any since. A comfortable turkey for the Xmas dinner has been the of things with Jim. Xmas, '94, will be the rule. Not only Jim, but others, too, through his testimony to seek the same are rejoicing in the same happy results. Jim is a soldier at Lisgar Street Corps, (Toronto III.,) and in the barracks, or at the street corner you can hear, almost any night, a fragment of Jim's wonderful story.



## The Bright and Morning Star.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP.

TRUE, there are thousands of other stars that shine forth in all their brightness, studded all around the firmament, but He is the bright and morning Star to our souls, dispelling darkness, gloom, and sorrow. He shines away above all others, not only in brightness, to draw out our admiration, but creating the burning desire to be like Him.

Then, let us as Christians arise and shine, since the light has come and the glory of God has risen upon us. We are not called merely to admire, but

### TO SHINE AS THE STARS,

for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, for ever and ever."

If the moon and stars failed

earth, how great would the darkness be! So, if those whom Christ has all and follow Him lights of the world, the spiritual dark-

Are you shining? Is your eye fixed Star, which led the east to leave their throne to worship Him? clear and bright, the darkness, and others to the bright

Star—CHRIST, THE DESPISED KING. One would have thought that the announcement of the birth of Jesus Christ would have caused the greatest joy and wildest excitement that the human mind could conceive; but no, it was not so. On the other hand, no sooner is His birth announced than they start to plan His death; and to make sure that He will not escape, the decree was passed to kill all the male children of a certain age. Right from the cradle to Calvary He was followed by blood-hounds who thirsted for His blood. Despised and rejected, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the King of kings had no place to lay His head.

He came to bless, but He was cursed. He came to feed the hungry, but He had to go without. He came to redeem, but He Himself was sold. He came to heal the broken-hearted, but He was wounded for our transgressions. He came to save others, but Himself He could not save; and at last He died on Calvary, to be the Saviour of the world.

### CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Other princes have ascended the throne, and to a certain extent have brought blessing to their country, although it meant war and strife to obtain the same. Still, they have all failed to bring that peace to the heart of man which is prized so much by all who have received it, as The Pearl of great value.



## Haunted Hearts.

(Continued from page 9.)

they had reached the foot of the stairway, and were beginning to ascend. A voice from the gilded chandelier, rising from the central banister, arrested them. It came from the fantastic object, who had deposited himself there, and to whom reference has already been made. The voice was sepulchral, and the face behind it diabolical. The eyes, though glaring, carried a far-away expression: the Brewer thought they were looking through his coat, his vest, his soul, to some object beyond. The features were pinched and pallid. From the mouth there oozed a sickening, hollower that trickled down his chin and on to his ragged shirt.

"Well, it is my reason I have lost—my reason: give me back my reason, my thoughts, my remembrance! Do you not know how indispensable it is I should think? I live, but know not how: I go, but know not whither: I look, but distinguish not the thing I see. Because of this I curse what blesses, and kiss what curses. I flee from safety, but sport with danger. Conception, arrangement, decision, are not possible to me, and, being a dupe, I am always duped. I have feelings, and senses, and flaming passions. They carry me swiftly, but without direction, and without control. Once it was different. At first I could understand, I planned, and studied, and—and—and— Ah, my brain! It is a idiot! Where am I? Who is this I speak to? Why don't you give it me quickly? Come, now," said this hideous creature, with an idiotic stare. "Anything you like; rum—whiskey—brandy—only let it be quick!"

"Come away," whispered the Spirit, "he's drunk himself mad."

They continued to ascend. Every step revealed faces of ruined ones carrying an expression of pent-up sorrow and intense earnestness. Each appeared eager to speak, but without the Spectre's permission, who exercised as masterful an influence over them as over the Brewer, they were powerless. Presently the Spectre approached a young girl of about eighteen summers. Her face was pretty, her form delicately moulded, her manner refined. She was herself a remnant of better times. The dress she wore was costly and quite up to the fashion. It fitted loosely and somewhat scantily about the neck. Flaxen hair fell in natural curls about her forehead, and these, again, were surmounted by a tiny hat, out of which sprang a bunch of artificial lilies and fern leaves. On closer inspection the beauty of this creature's complexion became plain. The apparent virtue of her countenance was a flush on her cheek, and an unnatural lustre in her eyes. When she caught sight of the Brewer she broke into a fit of hysterical laughter, and began to talk in forced and hollow tones as if attempting to be unreal.

"Ah! ah!" she said, "allow me to introduce to you, myself—a giddy, but none the less devoted subject of your Empire. Your business is quite indispensable to mine, for drink and delinquency go together. Drink introduced me to my present life. Drink supports me in it while it lasts. When I recollect the past—I drink. When I contemplate the future—I drink. When I am thoroughly awake to the significance of the present—I drink. I find drink an excellent antidote for conscience and heart-ache. Drink, you perceive, makes me, a woman, into a plaything, to be stained, betrayed, dishonored, debased. Sometimes I shudder at my surroundings," continued the girl, adopting a more earnest strain. "Drink gives me courage and stops my fears. Often my strength gives out under the strain—Drink supplies nerve. If it wasn't for drink, I couldn't go on. I should die of grief and shame!"

"Quick, quick," urged the Spectre, "the dawn advances and there are yet others." The Brewer, whose soul was sick, whose nerves prostrated, staggered still further up the stairs. Day was almost breaking, and the figures who still swarmed confusedly about him, perceiving their time to be limited, began announcing their grief in quicker succession and with greater rapidity.

A woman wearing widow's weeds peered through the banisters:

"My lover, my husband, my protector, my supporter," she said, "all carried away by the drink, Sir, in five short years."

Another man, with a fierce countenance, having something of the tiger's rage in it, crouched in a corner as if preparing to spring on the Brewer, when he passed: "My business! my fortune! my everything!" he growled, "drink tore it from me! You are the drink! I demand that you restore it!"

Then a strange thing happened

A young mother, with dull, stoney eyes, fixed apparently upon some hidden object of her soul, rose silently to her feet. As she stood, motionless and dismal in the moonlight, she resembled a statue of grief which represented the many types of anguish surrounding her.

"Listen," said the Spirit, arresting the Brewer, who was about to proceed.

Just then a solitary voice, tremulous and pensive, broke the stillness, resounding through the corridors, and filling the great hall. The melancholy auditors from the Spirit world lifted their faces. This woman began to sing—

No's a heart that beats was ever more brave,  
No's a soul that lives more true,  
Than the boy I'd have given my blood to save  
From the sword that pierced him through

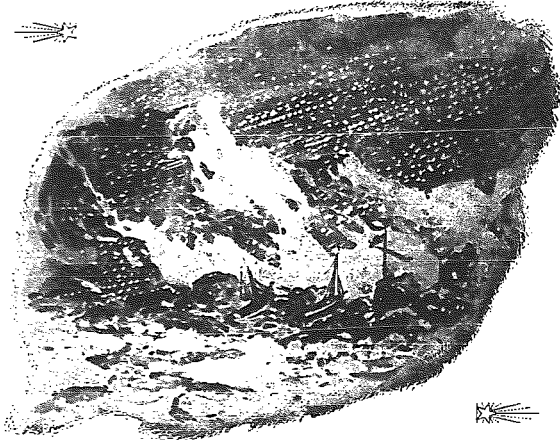
THE

## Commandant's Jubilee Message

— TO —

### THE GENERAL.

*"From the fisherman's hut in the ice-bound north,  
From Newfoundland's shores, where the waves break in wrath,*



*From fair Nova Scotia, where you are revered,  
And lovely New Brunswick, to which you're endeared,  
From the heights of Quebec, where your soldiers hold on,  
From Ontario's fields, where, though pressed, we have won,  
From wide Manitoba, the land of the free,  
And o'erster Alberta, a nation to be,  
From the snow-covered passes, where the Rockies uptower,  
From Columbia's river, and vale, and bower,*



*All Canada's sons, with her daughters, unite  
In praising our God for your fifty years fight;  
We pray that you long may over us reign,  
And come very quickly to see us again."*

Oh, how happy, and pure, and bright he seemed  
When he stood on life's gay brink!  
But he fell a prey to the spirit land,  
And was lost through the cursed drink.

The Brewer listened aghast. When the voice ceased he felt as though he were fixed to the floor. While it was true this music had relieved the awful monotony of that dreadful night, it had at the same time touched the spring that opened new flood-gates in the Brewer's soul. He wanted to weep, but the welts of his brain yielded no tears. He wanted to pray, but his tongue was frozen. He endeavored to resist, but his will was paralyzed.

Meanwhile the Ghost dragged him on. "A little longer, and the light, and I'll be gone. See!"

"See!" it exclaimed, pointing to the gruesome object that hung by the neck on the cord of the great window.

The Brewer looked. The spirit that had this night travelled from its grave and thus suspended itself from this extemporized gallows actually betokened signs of life. The nerves of the temples began to throbb, the blood to pulsate, the eyes to open and flare. Then the lips parted. One sentence alone was spoken—that in a voice grown rusty with years.

"I was drunk when I did it!" exclaimed this apparition from the gallows.

The Brewer stood in a helpless, mute, and was about to throw himself on his knees before the gibbet which he felt his damnable doing had raised for the execution of this miserable murderer. He felt a partner with him in his crime. He wanted to confess it. He desired also to pledge himself to the abandonment of the traffic so long doubtful. But while he lingered the cold grey light of the morning stole through the window.

He saw the objects about him growing dim and undefined; the dreadful crowd was breaking up. He almost wished they would stay that he might confess to them his shame and grief, but the Spectre, who had not yet left, turned his attention to one other object.

"The next will need no introduction," he said, and then disappeared.

The figure now confronting the Brewer carried a face which, although for some years absent, was still familiar. Dissipation had bleared his eyes and subtracted its vigor. The clothes which had evidently been well made were lacerated with mud, and rolled in one gutter, while the bruised and unshapely head-gear concealed a gaping wound on the scalp. This object was leaning against the banisters for support.

It did not appear to recognize the Brewer as he approached, but gazed intently with a half-stupified air of wonderment. But the Brewer's soul was swelling of his conscience, and his eyes filled with tears, his heart was melting into pity. All the other fearful apparitions of this diabolical night had spoken to him as a man, a citizen, an oppressor, a millionaire. Here was something that appealed to him as a Father.

"George? Is it you? Can it be possible? Is this my son?"

The figure began to move. It staggered across the passage and almost fell down the stairs. The Brewer approached, and it disappeared.

"My son, my son," he said to himself in an agony of grief as he opened the bedroom door and closed it after him. "Would God I had never taught it thee."

It was quite true. The story closes where it began. The fangs of the serpent were about to enter the heart of its keeper. On this Christmas night THE BREWER'S SON WAS DRUNK.

(CONCLUDED.)

("Haunted Hearts" will, D.V., be continued in later special numbers of the WAR CRY.)

## SIDE-LIGHTS ON LEADERS.

BY COLONEL NICOL.

The secret of Commissioner Pollard's advance in the war—apart, of course, from the qualities of heart which are inseparable to a Salvationist's influence—may be summed up. "There are no trifles in our business." Everything connected with the Salvation Army to Commissioner Pollard is important—the lock at the gate, the pen-nib order before the Board of Expenditure, and the raising of a loan on some big piece of property.

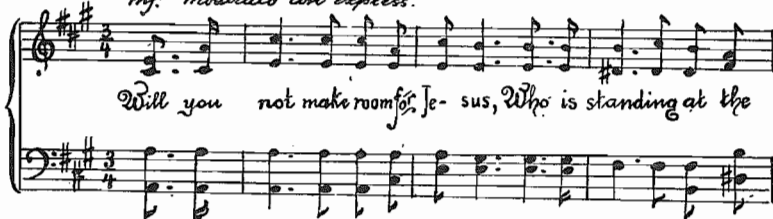
Colonel Kilbey, Chief Secretary, Australia, is a man who detects the weak points in any one with remarkable swiftness and accuracy. He is gifted that way. But let no one suppose that he goes about his business with an "eye to dirt," as Ruskin puts it. Not he. Colonel Kilbey is among the most hopeful and believing of officers, the truest of comrades, and despite an appearance of sternness, has a big, generous, loving nature.

Colonel Cox, of the Rescue Department, London, is a model Chief Secretary, a fine echo of his chief, while yet maintaining her strong individuality and independent judgment. It is refreshing to enter her office under any set of circumstances. I have wished, however, that she possessed a little more self-confidence, and didn't dwell so much upon some of her difficulties arising out of her being a woman. She is worth twenty ordinary men; speaks French, knows German, and is as clear-headed on matters of business as she is on holiness, and that is a rareness itself.

# ROOM FOR JESUS!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MRS. H. M. BOOTH

*mf. Moderato con express.*



Will you not make room for Je- sus, Who is standing at the



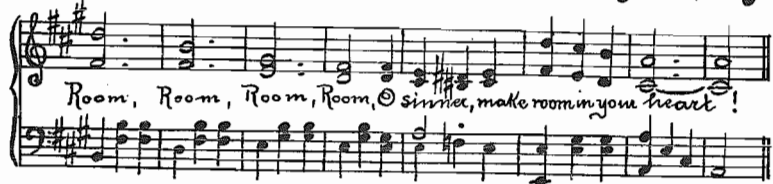
door? Will you heed His tender pleadings, And be happy evermore?

CHORUS

*Alllegro.*



Room, Room, Room, Room, O sinner, make room in your heart!



Room, Room, Room, Room, O sinner, make room in your heart!

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Other friends have entered in;  
Other guests have been well treated;  
Have you not a place for Him?

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Other loves have left a void;  
But this Friend of all who sorrow,  
Brings a gladness unalloyed!

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Long entreating He has stood;  
Oh! what lasting peace would enter,  
If to-day you only would.

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
He's the soul's entrancing Guest!  
He—Who to the weary offers  
Hope, and help, and light, and rest!

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Who so well can fill thy breast?  
Who so beautify thy spirit?  
Who so bid thy soul be blest?

Will you not make room for Jesus?  
Why, poor sinner, then delay?  
He is waiting for thy answer;  
Can you longer say Him nay?

I have found the Rose of Sharon...

And look  
To the Cross  
The Heart for Me

Oh, God, don't fail  
To show me  
The way

Oh, Jesus, wait for me

Every day of the week

Walking on the waves

Trusting in His love

Through the blood



# ON THE TRAIL OF THE SIN SERPENT



## Through Dives and Dens with Staff-Inspector Archibald.

"This is the best governed city in the world. I say so advisedly."—*The Commandant.*

"We commend this department of the Toronto Police Force as a model of correct police methods in dealing with similar evils in other cities."—*The Templar.*

"That the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh."—ROMANS viii. 3.

"CHRISTMAS WEATHER WITH A VENGEANCE, this!" said a passer-by, making straight tracks home, with chattering teeth and numb toes.

HALF-STRANGLER and speechless we stood for a moment, when the whistling east wind had swept us into the sudden warmth and light, slamming the heavy door behind, with a vicious clang and rattle.

"Was Christmas-time like this in the olden days in Toronto?"

"Oh, colder, much colder!" replied the stalwart Staff-Inspector, measured, and each syllable nearer the heat.

"You see, the country was not opened up twenty-five years ago Ontario was practically forest."

we asked at last. "colder!" replied the with kindly tones well-weighed. "Come why, how was it?"

"You see, the country was not opened up twenty-five years ago Ontario was practically forest. As the land has come under the influence of agriculture, the climate has changed, though, of course, the breeze from off the lake helped modify the air here always."

These were the days when Parkdale was merely an alder-bush swamp, and over the Don, nothing but sand; when you could walk from one end of the town to the Bay, and see yourself phoetied in mud the whole way. Such things as clean boots were unknown, it is said. Then, instead of a hundred churches, you might count them off once on your fingers.

"No, there were no black pavements in those days. It was 'Muddy Little York,' indeed!"

"People have a curious idea that Toronto was always naturally good, that it was born—"

"A little sort of angel-place?"

"Yes!" "They were never more mistaken—never more mistaken! 'ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.' Indeed, at one time this city was bidding fair to become

A SECOND SODOM.

"You believe in conversion?" (So our catechism commenced.)

"I was converted myself when a boy of fourteen," was the prompt response.

"In Canada?"

"No, no; Ireland. I'm Irish-born."

As a matter of fact, our staunch ally is of Scotch descent on one side, and German by the other: of a pronounced puritanical bent.

"My childhood's training was of the strictest type and character," he continued, "of the most unqualified religious influence. Our home was the visiting place of the itinerant Methodist ministers. I was at some revival services; I was converted, and then I joined the society, although afterwards I relapsed into a cold and fatal state."

"What brought you to Canada?" we asked.

"Oh, well; my original idea was to take up farm-life; but I came at a time of great depression—the immediate result of the American war. One thing and another, I was disappointed. Until the age of eighteen I had remained at home. In 1850 I joined the ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. Four years after I resigned, sailing for this country in 1855."

"Toronto was small then?"

"Oh, yes! Forty-five thousand was the population, and forty-five was the police force, all told, when I joined them in October, 1855."

"During these years, you understand, I had been making no progress in divine experience in my inner life, although outwardly I was always moral. But in the spring of 1858, the

REV. JAMES CATTAGHY,

the eminent evangelist—

"Ah, now, you touch near home! There is a most interesting paragraph about him in the 'Life of Mrs. Booth.'"

"Yes. In 1868 he made his second visit to Toronto, holding revival meetings. These services I attended, the result being my restoration from a cold, formal condition, although outwardly there was no marked change. Ever since then my experience has been a CALM, CONSCIOUS REALIZATION OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. This evidence I have never for one moment since lost. Later on I was appointed a class leader. We held a police class, too, until it was merged into the Christian Police Association, in affiliation with London and Dublin, etc. It was not until after the Christmas week—in fact, it was the beginning of the new year, 1868—that I became a pledged abstainer. Even then it was not on account of religious conviction, but rather through a

personal knowledge of its evil effect on all classes of society, especially the young. In 1872 the first Literary and Christian Association was established among the members of the police force. Since then, a healthy public opinion has largely reduced the consumption of liquor, and the illicit sale.

"Immediately on entering the police force here, I saw—as I said—that this little city was bidding fair and fast to become a second Sodom, especially with regard to the number of places of unlicensed liquor sale and houses of evil name. Previous to this I had acquired not a little experience in several of the principle cities on the other side, such as Dublin and Cork. I had learnt something of the enormity of

THE SINFULNESS OF SIN,

with its inevitable results, especially the social



evil—so-called. I realized unless something could be done the consequence must be appalling. "What strange sights and dreadful scenes you must have witnessed!" we hazarded.

"Aye!" was the brief assent.

"Would you suggest one for instance, by the way?"

"Let me see—wait a bit—yes, well." He passed his hand over his eyes for a moment. "I

was called one day by the Board of Health to visit a house where death had taken place. The City Commissioner accompanied me. Outside the two-roomed cottage we found a man, big and strong, with a child by the hand. He was drunk. By him was a woman, with two children. She wasn't—well, she wasn't sober. We entered the first room. There, on an old lounge, lay a child, dead. We went through by a little room. Flung on a dirty heap of rags for a bed were the bodies of three more little ones. Two were dead already, and the fourth was in the last throes of death—gasping for a drink. I held the lamp while the Commissioner returned to the first room. Finally there we discovered the grandfather, dead drunk; and the grandmother, drunk also. By this time the fourth child had expired, whilst all the surroundings were

TOO HORRIBLE TO MENTION,

dirt and desolation infernal. With some difficulty we procured two conveyances, and carried them away—the drunks to the jail, and the dead to the Morgue."

Here the speaker paused. "Will that do?" he queried. We nodded in dumb response.

"So much for sin," he continued. "Another time, accompanied by two officers, I visited a house, consisting of three rooms. On an old-fashioned settle a man was sleeping off a drunken debauch. In the next room were two more in the same state. In the third room we came upon a woman, whose condition was something sickening beyond description! Mortification had set in upon wounds, evidently the result of brutal kicks from an infuriated husband. The sanitary state was something insufferable! My two companions were forced to rush out. We got a wagon, and conveyed the lot—drunk—to the police station."

"What became of that woman?" "Did she die?" we asked, half-alive with pity.

Again the inspector paused thoughtfully.

"No, she recovered them; but I watched the career of those two, carefully. He was a vigorous, able-bodied man, a mechanic, whose work was in demand, but he had led a life so utterly deplorable that in order to get money to effect his purpose, he resorted to the practice of forcing his wretched wife to stand at the Union Station to attract strangers coming into the city on the train.

During the conversation he would rub upon them, and demand money under threat of exposure. I caught him at it myself once."

"Ultimately that man committed suicide in a prison cell by cutting his throat with a piece of zinc he had wrested of somewhere. That was his end. The woman jumped into the bay and was drowned."

"So much for DRINK AND ITS CONSEQUENCES."

"Aye, so much for sin and its wages."

For a change of subject, we turned to a sigh of relief to the Salvation Army. Small wonder that this representative of justice should link arms with the knights of the Cross.

"We know you always sympathize with the Salvation Army, Staff-Inspector. Why do you?"

"Oh, well, as for that, I have expressed myself repeatedly in public. As far as my feelings go, if I were in any suit my own feelings alone I should become one myself."

"I sympathize with the Salvation Army because they are so pronounced on all moral questions; they give no uncertain sound in giving expression and fearless in effecting their principles. I admire them for their loyalty to God, and for their uncompromising attitude of eternal war towards all that is evil."

I repeat—as I have often said before—that the Salvation Army is

'CHRISTIANITY IN EARNEST.'

It is Methodism set on fire. I believe the Army is as definitely ruled by God to-day, as Methodism was when it sprang into existence in the time of John Wesley.

"But I want to explain how it was the Army seemed raised up at the right moment to meet a want that stared us in the face everywhere the midst when vice will be eradicated. But my experience has clearly demonstrated to me that evil may be circumscribed by a vigorous, upright enforcement of the law, especially if it is backed up by a healthy, public

opinion. It appeared to me that something must be done to arrest the alarming progress of vice in Toronto.

"At this time a certain disloyal section were becoming a disturbing element to the Government. Armed with authority, it was successful in breaking up a number of their places of rendezvous; this, with the enforcing of the imperfect liquor law of that day, brought me under the notice of the authorities, and I received a special promotion. My district was St. John's Ward."

"That is where our S.A. Headquarters stands now?"

"Yes; but this was many years before it was erected. That district always had a bad name, and I made a speciality of the enforcement of the law for the suppression of vice. In five weeks six of the most respectable houses were broken up, and the keepers in jail."

"I was in charge of another district after this, where, with but one exception, the places were closed."

"After three years I returned again to St. John's Ward, only to find that during my absence the houses had been again located. Even public opinion had become dumb almost, under the false, though plausible, arguments from people even in authority, who excused its existence as

#### "A NECESSARY EVIL."

"With my colleagues I went to work. A council of all the city ministers was called, and we dwelt on the impending danger and appalling peril to society if this vice was given countenance to, or allowed any quarter. No one liked to touch the matter just then, and the Methodists could not handle it alone; but they all persuaded me to hold on—I was evidently where the Lord wanted me," they said.

"At this juncture I was again promoted to an oversight, covering a third of the city. This I held for ten years. A society was also formed for the suppression of vice, and public agitation so wrought up that it culminated in the election of Mayor Howard, to bring the religious aspect of the matter into civic interests."

"In 1886 I was appointed to the special position I now hold."

Then

THE CRUSADE BEGAN IN REAL EARNEST.

Some thirty-six houses were in full blast, with an average of four women in each, and the excuse was made in defense of the social evil, "What are you going to do with these women if you turn them into the street?"

"Then it seemed the Salvation Army was divinely raised to open up an answer to our problem with its Rescue Homes. So that when we raided the houses I could offer any girl who wished it a chance to do better."

"What a stir your appearance must have caused?"

"Ah!—consternation."

There was a queer little twinkle in his eye as the St. Inspector continued:

"Collecting the inmates all into one room we would give them clearly to understand that the law was going to be strictly enforced, and they must leave the house. Beginning with the keeper I would take the name, age and nationality of each. They could take their choice—to those who wished it I would give a free pass home, providing it was in Canada, or if they desired to reform I would transfer them to a Home in the city where they could remain until employment was found to them. To this day I can state the Salvation Army has

#### NEVER REFUSED ONE

that I have sent to them."

"You've had some opposition to face, no doubt, Inspector?"

"There's been the devil to fight eternally, sometimes raging. If it wasn't so I should begin to doubt my own religious standing. 'We unite you when all men speak well of you.' Still, to this day, the mob cry out, 'CRUCIFY HIM!'"

K.

## ONE MISSING

FROM THE

## CHRISTMAS CHEER.

THE Christmas season is looked forward to by a great many as the time when they will meet with old friends and family relations, from whom they have been parted. Parents will welcome home their children; sisters will welcome their brothers; and once again they will sit around the family table.

Gathered in this manner was a family in a certain place a few short years ago. They were all there, happy and cheerful.

As the Christmas holidays ended they parted. The two or three that worked in other towns went back full of hope of meeting again. Little did they know of what was before them; that their joy was soon to be turned to weeping. The eldest of the family, a young man, smart and promising, had been at his work a few days when he met with an accident that caused sudden death.

As Christmas time comes round now it brings a touch of sorrow and sadness to that home. Not only is the chair vacant, and the voice stilling, but greater sorrow than all, they know not where he is spending Christmas.

"He always was a good boy," his mother would say, "but he never made any profession. If I only knew that he was at rest, I wouldn't worry or fret any more."

CAPTAIN E. HAYES, Selkirk.

# Hunting Souls.



COULD plainly see something had happened, by the expression of Mrs. Margret's countenance, as, after a recent trip of hunting for souls, I entered our happy, little home in London. As is customary, we told each other the chief events which had transpired during our absence. Our little boy "Howard" had wandered away from home, and for a few hours was lost. Mrs. Margrets had been searching everywhere, but no trace could be found. Dangers were around. The C.P.R. and street railway are both within easy distance. Had he wandered there and been run over? All kinds of tales are written and told of children being stolen and hid away. Had someone deceived him? Mrs. Margrets grew desperate, and with panting heart, harrowed with anxiety, set out on the search again, this time determined that, come what may, she would never quit until some tidings of the little treasure had been gained. Street after street was tramped, enquiry after enquiry made, yet, alas! no Howard could be found. It was

FOR SOULS. This was why Jesus left His seat of infinite majesty, might, and honor, to come to "seek and to save that which was lost." He left the music, and light, and glory, and adoration of the Celestial City, that He might come and remove the misery, and sin, and despair of this poor lost world. He saw our sad state, and rushing to our rescue, tired, yet rested not until, through toils, tears, temptations, in hungerings and fastings, surrounded with foes, and friends who failed Him; by stripes, buffetings, insults, spittings, persecutions, piercing nails, thorns, and spear; in awful agony, in bloody sweat, in grief appalling, and

PAIN EXCRUCIATING,

and blood outpouring, the dear Son of God had loved, and lived, and sought, and died to save us.

Do you really hunt for souls? Or do you go to the march and open-air, to your platform, to your visitation, Cry selling, and other duties, as a mere matter of duty, without expecting to really find some lost soul to bring to Jesus. Do you want to find them? Nay, does your soul yearn and pant to save men from sin and the fire? Is the question of saving souls so dear to your heart that it has become the one all-absorbing passion of your life? Is it so pressed upon you that you really feel you'll die unless you hunt, and find and bring them home to God? If so, then note, that to be a successful hunter for souls you must:

1. SEE AND FEEL IN THE FULL, TRUE SENSE OF THE WORD, THE DANGERS THEY ARE EXPOSED TO AND THE SIN WHICH THEY ARE IN.

It is not enough that you discern that they are exposed to danger, and are the subjects of a deadly disease, after the fashion of the blind man who, the first time that his eyes were touched, saw men as trees walking; you must see them AS THEY REALLY ARE. It must come to you as a matter of the utmost importance, a matter of life and death.

You must really see them on

THE DRINK OF A BURNING HELL, without any hope; their cries for help must ring in your ears as doom eternal appears before them.

2. YOU MUST HAVE A GNAWING APPETITE TO SAVE THEM. I have heard of hunters starving their dogs for two or three days before they commence the chase, with no other object in view than that of making the animals even-tempered for their prey. If you would not hunt in vain for souls, tarry a while in the secrecy of your own den—your private room—and pray. Look at the masses of dying souls, in the light of heaven's glory, and hell's fury. Tarry till the breath of God's Spirit is on you, till with burning love, and confident assurance of a Holy Ghost, you cannot resist mounting the fiery steed of desperate determination to hunt till you find.

3. YOU MUST LAY ASIDE ALL EXCUSES. No matter how pressing the claims of home, and friends, or persuasive the appeals that are made to you. No matter how much the cost, how high and important the position, or great the hindrance, it must all be left behind. Hunters do not go for their sport in bullock wagons, or trammel either themselves, their dogs, or their horses, with all kinds of inconvenient trappings. They select the lightest footed, and longest winded steeds, the spariest, cleanest, cleverest dogs, free of everything, but TO GO. So in hunting for souls, you must be

#### CLEAR OF THE FASHIONS

of the world, the opinions of men, the fears of failure and losses, seeing nothing but the need of the lost, and the effectiveness of the remedy you carry, rush to the rescue in full cry, "Behold the number of God which take'n away the sin of the world!"

4. YOU MUST BE DETERMINED TO FIND. Hunters don't stop at difficulties. If a ditch, or wall faces them, they jump it. If a river is in their road, they swim, or wade through. Even if a horse loses its life, and the man who mounted it bristles his neck, the others go on. They stop at nothing but getting the game.

My comrade, in soul-hunting you'll have discouragements and difficulties to face. You may sometimes have to hunt hard and long before you find the spoils. Heed not the devil's attacks. Burn his bridges of doubt and fear, and longest swim his rivers of discouragement. If the comrade next to you falls, keep going on. Never mind a stumble, or misstep; if they come, get up and go on, and on, and never stop until, standing before the Throne, you say to the Christ Who gave you all the grace you need, "Here I am, Lord, with the children Thou hast given me. I'm in for that."

J. E. M.

"He with gladness men of old

Offered gifts most rare,

At that manger rude and bare,

To may we with willing feet,

To seek the merry-wal.

There to bend the knee before

Him, Whom heaven and earth adore."

is that your little boy down yonder? He has a red coat on," shouts the man.

New life came into Mrs. Margrets, and she could scarcely stop now to wait until her own eyes had seen, to the satisfaction and overwhelming joy of her heart, that it was none other than darling Howard prattling away with some other youngsters, without a care or fear.

I listened to Mrs. Margrets story, brushed away a few tears that would come, and then told my story, of the fights we had had for souls, and of the few which, after persistent effort, God had been pleased to give us while on this particular trip.

Mrs. Margrets closed the conversation with the remark: "Well, dear, I would to God that we could get people to hunt for souls with the same spirit I hunted for Howard."

I went about my work, but this remark has made me think more than once, with much profit.

This is really the business of all Salvationists—HUNTING





# Christmas Chimes.

## A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST, THE LORD!

BY SERGEANT STAPLETON.

Tune, "Christians awake."

COMRADES, awake! Come sing with me a lay  
Of welcome to another Christmas day;  
Arise and praise the Lord, that we again  
May join together in the sacred strain:  
Glory to God! for unto us is given,  
A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord of Heaven.

Comrades, awake! Come see the glorious Sun  
Of righteousness arise, His course to run!  
Once we were blind, till our Salvation day  
Dawned on our vision with celestial ray;  
Glory to God! for unto us is given,  
A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord of Heaven.

Salvation. Hark, as you march to-day,  
March on, onward! Victors ne'er give way!  
No quarter give to sin!  
No quarter give to sin!  
No quarter give to sin!  
No quarter give to sin!  
No quarter give to sin!  
No quarter give to sin!  
No quarter give to sin!  
No quarter give to sin!

## A PLACE FOR ME.

BY THE LATE COLONEL PEARSON.

Tune, "Sweet by and bye."

THERE'S a place in Thy bosom for me,  
Where my sin-accused heart was made whole;  
My ocean of love is in Thee,  
Thy breast is the home of my soul.

There's a place, I believe! There's a place, I believe!  
There's a place in Thy bosom for me, I believe!  
There's a place, I believe! There's a place, I believe!  
There's a place in Thy bosom for me!

There's a place where Thy whispers are heard,  
Where Thy beautiful face can be seen,  
Where the fires of Thy altar are stirred,  
Where the blood and the water make clean.

There's a place for my love in Thy heart,  
Thy bosom's my pillow of rest:  
Faith's eye sees how lovely Thou art,  
Love sings on Thy beautiful breast.

Thy beauty makes clouds disappear,  
Thy smiling makes sunshine to come;  
In Jordan Thy eye will be near,  
To guide all Thy warriors home.

## PRaise THE LORD!

BY MAJOR BAUGH.

Tune, "There is a better world."

ANOTHER year has rolled away, Praise the Lord!  
Praise the Lord!  
And I am fully His to-day; Praise the Lord!  
Praise the Lord!  
His Blood it cleanseth me from sin, (the Lord!)  
My life is given up to Him,  
Some other precious souls to win; Praise the Lord!  
Praise the Lord!

Wise men their gifts to Jesus brought, Praise, etc.,  
It was the sinner Jesus sought; Praise, etc.;  
Thou let us live such gifts to bring,  
Till we make the very angels sing,  
To see the sinner saved from sin, Praise, etc.

His love to-day is just the same, Praise, etc.,  
As when to Bethlehem He came, Praise, etc.;  
He laid His glory by for me;  
He came my Substitute to be,  
And bore my sins on Calvary, Praise, etc.

What mighty wonders He hath wrought, Praise, etc.,  
What happiness to thousands brought, Praise, etc.,  
He makes the blinded eyes to see,  
And sets the captive sinner free  
He waits to do the same for thee, Praise, etc.

## SEE!!

I'll bet you a button they'll get Jimmy saved yet!  
They are trying hard, anyway, partner.

That's just what my chum said to me one night,  
a few years ago, when the Army first came to B—  
They had it pretty tough first. The windows of  
their barracks were broken more than once, and the old button  
factory in which they opened was burned down on them. But  
the girls were spunky lasses, and stuck it out in fine style.  
The Mayor, shame on him—he ain't Mayor now, nor will be  
never again—was much against them; but the law forced him  
to swear in some special constables, and they had to see the  
girls home every night, for the hoodlums behaved beastly.

Well, sir, I never was a Christian, and I knowed it; but  
I don't want none of your meanness for a couple of girls,  
and, by daddy, I always thought that the Army had to  
work for their religion, and it was a kind of solid  
affair, and none of that turning-the-white-of-your-  
eye-while-you-kick-the-man-behind-you.

Me and my partner made up our minds  
that we'll go to the meetings, and see that  
no harm is done to the girls.

Well, now, I was speaking of old  
and I'll tell you he was a case! He  
work all right enough, but it wasn't  
was caught at it. He used to  
sponging on everybody for a drink,  
not find anyone, he was hog enough  
empty beer barrels in front of saloons.

And they did catch Jim, the  
Army did, and there was no mistake  
about it either. He cleaned up  
mighty quick, and donned a red shirt.  
Now, I tell you, I like the Army style  
of doing things; it makes a feller feel that  
they mean business. Now Jim got to  
work, and soon had set up a decent home, and  
sported a uniform suit. The tailor in town kicked up a row

because he got it from the Army; but, I say, who had  
right to have the making of the suit?  
ization who had the making of the  
brought up the whole question of the  
amongst a few of the business people  
making no profession, but, by gum, if  
cracking the heads of the old foggies  
never got a cent from Jimmy before,  
to wait on him hand and foot,  
to do the dirty work, and  
a dollar, they'll get a cent.  
Editor, that all Army  
hands and pull

I say, the  
man! And that  
Army's Trade  
of the town. I am  
I don't feel like  
together! Nobody  
and now they want  
when the Army had  
when they ask for  
It's my opinion, Mr.  
folks ought to join  
together, to buy all they  
can of their own stores, so  
that the profits will be used to  
get a few more captures like

Jimmy. I can't, for the life of me, see  
the reason why they shouldn't. I was  
in Toronto a while ago, and got these

bloomin' pants from your store, and I'll be called Din-  
nock if they ain't giving me the best of satisfaction;  
and if I need another pair, I'll send for them to your

Trade Manager. See if I don't.

Now, if a sinner like myself can see through the things, and  
patronize the S. A. Trade Department, how much more should  
your own folks do it!

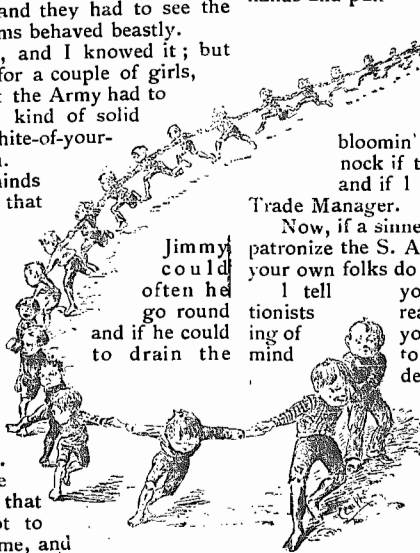
I tell  
tionists  
ing of  
mind

you, I have been surprised to notice that Salva-  
realize so little what a big concern that Trad-  
yours could be if they would all make up their  
to help it along. Why, you could save a good  
deal of begging if it could be earned in Trade,  
and if I am not mistaken, there'll be  
some improvements in that line hereafter.

I wish you all a happy Xmas, and  
prosperous New Year. With all their  
faults, I love all the Army folks, with  
the exception of a few cranks.

Yours trooly,

JOSIAH JABERS.



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